Eliza: Harris

Appius and Virginia

A

TRAGEDY

UNCLASSIFIED

Appius and Virginia.

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TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE

BY

Her MAJESTY'S Sworn Servants.

Written by Mr. DENNIS.

LONDON:

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIDNEY,

EARL of *GODOLPHIN*,

Lord High Treaſurer of *Great Britain*.

My Lord,

THIS Dramatick Poem which was written in the Cauſe of Liberty, flies to Your Lordſhip for Protection, who have been ſo great a Patron and Protector of Liberty, when ſhe was in the utmoſt Danger.

And here, my Lord, as a Lover of Liberty and of my Country, I ſhould neither think my ſelf Juſt nor Grateful, if I ſhould not make mention of the wonderful things which Your Lordſhip has done for both.

But what Writer has Force enough to mention thoſe Wonders worthily? Or who has Art enough to manage ſo nice a Subject ſo dextrouſly, that neither the Enemies of *Great Britain* may think he ſays too much, nor the Friends too little.

To ſatisfie the one, and to ſilence the other, I ſhall briefly inquire what impartial Hiſtory will ſay of Your Lordſhip, and the juſt Praiſes that You will receive from uncorrupted Poſterity.

When a Juſt and Impartial Hiſtory ſhall relate the dangerous condition in which the preſent War at the beginning found theſe Nations, and the reſt of *Europe*; and afterwards deſcribe the wonderful change to a State of Conqueſt and Glory, what vaſt Applauſe will Poſterity give to thoſe, who,

by

by the Wiſdom of their Councils, wrought the Delivery of *Europe.*

For as it was neither Chance nor brutal Force, but Counſel that laid the Foundation of the *French* Greatneſs under Cardinal *Richlieu*, as it was Counſel and not Force that carried that Greatneſs on, witneſs their Treaties, by which they have acquired more than they have by their Victories, and witneſs their ſeizing, in one day, upon a Monarchy of ten times a greater Extent than their own, ſo it was neither Chance nor brutal Force, but Counſel that ſhook and overturn'd the exceſſive Power of *France.*

But I appeal to the very Enemies of *Great Britain*, to their very Malice, their Invectives, their Libels, if your Lordſhip has not had ſo great a ſhare in the Wiſdom of thoſe Councils which have wrought the Delivery of *Europe*, that you ſeem to have been deſign'd by Providence, and to have been ſent into the World on purpoſe to

overthrow the vaſt, but pernicious Deſigns of the great Cardinal *Richelieu.*

For whom will Hiſtory deliver down to Poſterity as the Friend and the intimate Correſpondent of the Great Captain who has done ſuch Glorious Things for us? With whom has He concerted His Good and Great Deſigns? Who duly ſupply'd Him with the Nerves of War, the Source of Diſcipline, Spirit and Force? The Great Duke of *Marlborough*, and the Illuſtrious Earl of *Godolphin*, will be held by Poſterity to have been to this Iſland, what the two friendly Gods were formerly eſteemed by the *Grecians*, who were always accounted Propitious, when they appeared and ſhone together.

That Your Lordſhip and your Friend who have done ſuch mighty Things for us, may long be the Ornament and the Defence of your Country, that the QUEEN may long be ſupported by both, and appear between both, like the Goddeſs of Wiſdom, with

with Her peaceful Olive on one Hand, and Her dreadful Shield on the other, is, and ſhall be, the hearty wiſh of,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips

Moſt Humble,

Moſt Faithful, and

Moſt Obliged Servant,

J. DENNIS.

PROLOGUE.

OUR *Author's Friends appear concern'd to Day*
For the Succeſs of this rough manly Play;
While Britain *ſeems to all that's ſoft inclin'd,*
What welcome here can our rude Romans *find?*
Who Love without one word of whining Cant,
And Rage without the bushind Bullies Rant.
Whoſe Fire to Judgment rarely gives offence,
But is maintain'd by Nature and by Senſe.
Rome *warm'd by nervous Scenes for Empire fought,*
Such Cæſar *ſaw with Joy, with Joy ſuch* Cæſar *wrought.*
And Tragedy with bare appearance writ
Of Roman *Spirit, and of* Roman *Wit;*
Requires an Audience with them both inſpir'd,
And to the Like immortal Actions fir'd.
True it requires all this, and therefore here
W'indulge our fondeſt Hopes, and baniſh Fear;
Why ſhould not you Rome's *manly Joys perſue,*
When all that Fire that could the World ſubdue,
Yes, all the Roman *Spirit lives in you;*
Be witneſs that eternal Day which quell'd *Battle of Audenard.*
The vanquiſh'd Gaul upon the wond'ring Scheld.
Like Hannibal *the crafty* Vendome *fled,*
While Britain *fought like* Rome, *like* Scipio Marlborough *led;*
Vouchſafe ye Britons *to ſupport the* Muſe,
Whoſe Flame your deathleſs Acts had Power t'infuſe,
By your great Deeds our Poet rais'd his Stile,
And as he read of Wynendale *and* Liſle,
His Romans with a fiercer Rage he drew
Improv'd his nobleſt Characters by you.
His Soul t'immortal Heights your Glory fir'd,
And Britiſh *Acts theſe* Roman *Scenes inſpir'd.*

EPILOGUE.

WELL Sirs! You have ſeen Virginia die! Ye Powers
The mighty difference between her Time and ours.
Virginius, an old Captain was of Rome,
Who abſent with his City Bands from home;
Heard a Hot Courtier would his Girl engage;
When poſting back to Rome in mighty Rage
This Son of Hector, like a ſurly Bully,
Kills his poor Child to diſappoint her Cully.
That 'tis far otherwiſe with us is plain,
While City Captain here makes ſhort Campaign,
In Bunhill-Fields ſubduing France and Spain.
How oft has Courtier maul'd both Wife and Daughter?
Yet no ſuch bloody Buſineſs follow'd after.
There's ſomething in Virginia ſtranger ſtill,
Whom at her own requeſt her Sire did kill,
For fear ſhe ſhould be pleas'd againſt her Will.
When will a Damſel of our City ſtrain
Reſolve to die e'er Eaſe her Lover's Pain?
But now to finiſh all in a more ſerious vein.
Virginia's Death did Liberty reſtore,
As from Lucretia's Tomb it roſe before,
When Cæſar afterwards enſlav'd the State,
Porcia rous'd Brutus to great Cæſar's Fate.
Tho' Rome in Heroes always did abound,
Still from her Women ſhe loſt Freedom found.
So fair Britannia o'er the World is fam'd
For Men of dauntleſs Spirits and untam'd;
But yet when by her Folly or her Fate,
Her Liberty was in a dangerous State.
The Bleſſing ne'er cou'd be ſecur'd by Man,
But Heav'n reſerv'd th' immortal Fame for Anne.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Appius,	Chief of the *Decemvirs*, or Ten Tyrants of *Rome*.	Mr. *Booth*.
Claudius,	Uncle to *Appius*.	Mr. *Keen*.
Virginius,	Father to *Virginia*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
L. Icilius,	Betroth'd to *Virginia*.	Mr. *Wilks*.
M. Icilius,	Brother to *Lucius*.	Mr. *Bickerstaff*.
Horatius,	Two Noble *Romans*,	Mr. *Thorman*.
Valerius,		Mr. *Husbands*.
P. Numitorius,	Uncle to *Virginia*.	Mr. *Carey*.
C. Numitorius,		Mr. *Smith*.
Fulvius,	Client to *Appius*.	

WOMEN.

Virginia,	Daughter to *Virginius*.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Cornelia,	Aunt to *Virginia*.	Mrs. *Knight*.

Lictors, Guards, Attendants.

Appius

APPIUS and *VIRGINIA.*

ACT. I.

SCENE, *Rome.*

Enter Lucius Icilius, Marcus *his Brother.*

L. Icil. MY Brother!
M. Icil. My deareſt Brother! Welcome!
L. Icil. Came my laſt Letters ſafe to you?
M. Icil. They did: And I have ſummon'd all our Friends,
And e'en this Now expect them.
L. Icil. I ſent *Virginia* notice of my arrival,
She once was wont upon the ſhorteſt abſence,
To fly upon the warmeſt Wings of Love
Into the eager Arms of her *Icilius*;
But now deludes my Hope, and ſtarves my Eyes.
M. Icil. They ſay, ſhe takes repoſe to which her Eyes
Have ſtrangers been, for theſe three feavouriſh Nights.
L. Icil. *Virginia* languiſhing, and *Rome* expiring!
What have the Gods reſolv'd to do with me?
With me; who have no Soul, no Life, no Being,
Unleſs for thee; O! *Rome*, and thee *Virginia!*

Enter Valerius.

Val. My beſt *Valerius*, welcome to my Arms!
Patron of Liberty! *Rome*'s genuine Son,

But ſee our Countries other hope, *Horatius!*
Horatius hail!

Enter Horatius.

Hor. Lucius Icilius! —— Hail!
Thy Summons I have eagerly obey'd,
And all the Blood of the *Horatii* rous'd,
In expectation of th' important Things
Which thou haſt made me hope from thee.
L. Icil. Hail to my Uncle, *Publius Numitorius,*
And thou, O *Caius,* welcome!

Enter Publius Numitorius, Caius *his Son.*

P. Num. Welcome to *Rome!* what News brings *Lucius* hither?
L. Icil. Can there be ſtranger News than that ten Men
Shou'd Lord it o'er two hundred thouſand *Romans,*
Each ſingle *Roman,* braver than the Ten?
P. Num. What News from th' Army near *Fidenæ*'s Walls?
Hor. How fares the darling Hero of the Legions,
The noble Prop of his declining Country;
The pride of *Rome,* the glory of the Field!
Th' invincible *Dentatus* —— How bears he
Th' inſults of our ten Tyrants?
L. Icil. How juſt enquiry has *Horatius* made?
'Tis of *Dentatus,* that I come to ſpeak;
And tell you that *Rome*'s Champion is no more;
But near to old *Fidenæ*'s fatal Walls,
By fifty Aſſaſſines, his Head lies low;
Yet his great Soul expir'd not unreveng'd,
But twenty of his Murderers firſt he ſlew.
Hor. How! murder'd!
L. Icil. Yes, baſely, and moſt barbarouſly murder'd!
Is Murder, then, a ſound ſo ſtrange at *Rome,*
When ye behold each day her braveſt Sons
Or baſely ſcourg'd, or barbarouſly ſlain?
When he who dares but Look a free born Soul,
Grows ſtrait ſuſpected to the accurſt *Decemvirs;*

And

And chiefly to the insolence of *Appius*,
The Tyrant of the Nine as they of *Rome*.
Can ye then wonder, that the brave *Dentatus*,
Who breath'd forth nothing but immortal Fame,
Immortal Liberty, had been for thirty Years
Rome's Champion, and his manly Breast, her Bulwark,
Who shrunk not from her, in a hundred Fields,
But with the utmost hazard of his Life,
Perform'd a thousand Actions every Year,
That from destruction sav'd her noblest Off-spring,
Sav'd almost half the Lives of our Patritians,
Sav'd *Rome*, recover'd the proud Capitol,
Who was adorn'd with twenty golden Crowns
Civic and Mural —— Seam'd with fifty Scars
Illustrious all, all in his manly Front,
More to be valu'd than a hundred Crowns,
Can ye admire, that this unequal'd Man
Shou'd grow the Terror of the proud *Decemvirs*?
Or can ye admire that whom they fear they Murder?

All. Murder'd by them?

L. Icil. By whom, but by the Author of all ill;
By proud, presumptuous, overlooking *Appius*,
Who sent *Dentatus Legate* to the Camp;
Then to his Collegues, wrote a learned Scrol,
To hire Assassinates, who might in secret
Dispatch him on that sacred Message sent.

Val. The blackest Punishments of Hell reward him!

L. Icil. Yes, yes, with reason ye may rage ye *Romans*;
For who that is but Man, can calmly hear,
Of so much Villany, of so much Cruelty,
Such base Perfidiousness, so black a Treason,
Attended with that Pride, that Arrogance,
Who can once see that proud presumptuos Look,
But he must burn with generous Disdain?

Val. Oh damn him!

Hor. Furies seize him.

L. Icil. To think that one so abject by our baseness
Shou'd lord it with high Looks, should have the power

Of Life and Death, and murder us, for paſtime?
Shou'd uſe the Power we gave him to make Laws,
To drive all Law from out his bleeding Country,
Retain the Office given him for a Year,
Beyond that Year, and ſet no bounds to Tyranny.
Who can reflect without avenging Fury
Upon the high deſerts with which h' acquir'd
This abſolute Command, when he who looks
So proud, ſo haughty, ſo contemptuous now
Once baſely flatter'd, and more baſely fawn'd
Upon the very Lees, and Dregs of *Rome*;
With a diſſembl'd Mildneſs cloak'd his Rage;
With deep Humility conceal'd his Pride;
With courteous Airs his Inſolence diſguis'd;
Debauching with vile Arts like a lewd Whore
Th' Affections of the meaneſt Sons of *Rome*,
And yet this wretch, who when he ſought his Power,
Cring'd but to day, before the vileſt *Roman*,
The very next, when he had gain'd that Power
Grew haughty, fierce and inſolent at once,
Nay, with Contempt outragious, not to be born,
Not to be thought of, without Death, and Vengeance;
The Tyrant ſcourg'd, or barbarouſly murder'd,
The very Slaves on whom the former Sun
Had ſeen him baſely fawn.

Val. The Traytor!

L. Icil. Yes, this is the great Author of our woe,
Yes, this is he, who murder'd great *Dentatus*,
And who this moment meditates the means,
To do as much for him, for you, for me,
For every brave, for each diſtinguiſh'd *Roman*;
While we look tamely on, tamely as Sheep,
That one by one are from each other ſnatch'd,
And hurry'd to the Slaughter.

Hor. But know the Legions of *Dentatus* death?

L. Icil. All! all!

Val. Now come to the important Queſtion, *Lucius*,
How bear the Legions brave *Dentatus* death?

L. Icil.

L. Icil. Ay, that's the Queſtion which I here by Fate
Deputed come to anſwer.
The Legions bear their darling Hero's death,
As Supreme *Jove* then bears with mighty Crimes,
When in his ſpacious Hand, he rowls the Threefork'd Bolt,
Preparing to diſcharge the grumbling Thunder.
Some in hoarſe murmurs threaten, others ſtand
Moping with ſullen ſilence, ſtupid grief,
Hungry and Pale, and pining for Revenge;
Some from their Blood-ſhot Eyes, dart gloomy Rage,
And ſome to their Companions cry aloud,
Oh that the Bounteous Gods wou'd ſend us Chiefs,
Who had but Spirits worthy to Command us.
Hor. Oh noble Sound!
V. There's *Rome*, there's Life, there's Liberty in this!
L. Icil. What wonder, the impatient Legions cry,
What wonder, if the Nations all take Arms,
Juſtly diſdaining Empire ſhou'd be there
Where Liberty's no more.
What do we here againſt our *Sabine* Foes?
What wonder if *Fidenæ*—ſees us fly,
As Hoary *Algidum*—of late beheld
Our other Army flying from the *Æqui*:
How ſhou'd we conquer Nations, Brave and Free,
Who are ſo baſe as to be Slaves to *Appius?*
Why ſhou'd we Conquer, when we fear Succeſs,
Fear Victory, when ſtill the braveſt Man,
And he who moſt Illuſtrious Acts performs,
Works Ruine for himſelf.
Hor. 'Tis Juſt, and Brave!
L. Icil. Lead us againſt the *Sabines*, and we fly,
We'll neither Fight againſt our ſelves,
Nor Fight for cruel *Appius*.
Lead us to *Rome*, lead us againſt our Tyrant;
And then we will be Men once more,
Once more we will be *Romans*.
Val. O! all ye immortal Gods!
Let us to Horſe without delay, and Head them!

L. Icil.

L. Icil. Spoke like the pureſt Blood of brave *Poplicola.*
Hor. *Valerius* ſpeaks for all.
All but *P. Num.* For all, for all.
Let us to Horſe immediately, and Head them.
P. Num. Hold! why to Horſe, why to *Fidenæ*'s Walls,
Appius is here, even here in *Rome* he Lords it;
Removing *Appius*, we remove the Ten,
His ſubtle Arts eſtabliſh'd this Command,
His Fire ferments, and Animates the Nine,
And His diſcernment from them wards the Blows
Which elſe e'er this had prov'd the Blows of Fate—
Appius remov'd, the Legions, and the Tribes,
Will ſoon forſake the wretched Nine, his Tools;
What need we then to old *Fidenæ* run?
Why ſhould we Strangers truſt with that Deſign
Which we may execute by Friends alone?
Horatius, and *Valerius*, are your Friends
And Clients, and Dependants ready Arm'd.
Hor. That our own Safety has long ſince requir'd:
But ſee, *Cornelia*, Siſter to *Virginius*,
A Matron worthy *Rome* in nobler Times,
Equal in every Virtue to the Beſt,
Above them in the Greatneſs of her Mind.

Enter Cornelia.

Corn. My Meſſage my Intruſion muſt Excuſe,
Lucius Icilius, 'tis to thee I come;
Lord *Appius* has ſent word that in two Hours
He will be here in Perſon.
L. Icil. Who!
Corn. Lord *Appius.*
L. Icil. Lord *Appius*, will be where?
Corn. Here, in my Brother's Houſe.
L. Icil. Here in *Virginius* Houſe, impoſſible!
He knows its Maſter bears him deadly Hatred;
What ſhou'd he come for?

Corn.

Corn. What ſhou'd the Tyrant come for?
When *Tarquin* glutted was with other Crimes,
And ſatiated with Rapins, and with Murder,
Then the young Tyrant to *Collatium* went
To viſit Chaſt *Lucretia.*

L. Icil. For which the Dog lies Howling now in Sulphur.
But let Dire *Appius* know then *Brutus* roſe

Hor. And *Horace.*

Val. And *Valerius.*

L. Icil. And made the trembling Tyrant gnaſh his Teeth,
And curſe the Hour in Anguiſh of his Soul,
That e'er he ſaw *Lucretia.*

Corn. Ten Meſſages has haughty *Appius* ſent
On a deteſted purpoſe to *Virginia,*
Us'd every baſer Artifice to gain her,
Promis'd, and vilely Threaten'd, Flatter'd, Fawn'd.

L. Icil. The Plagues of *Jove,* and his blue Lightning blaſt him!

Corn, But thou might'ſt truſt her, *Lucius,* with the Wretch
Who tempted cold *Diana,* or with him
Who the diſſembl'd Majeſty of *Juno*
Embrac'd with Empty Arms:
Thou know'ſt *Virginia's* Tenderneſs of Soul,
Soft as the Down upon the Wings of *Cupid;*
Yet warm as is the God's own Heart to thee.
Thou know'ſt th' abhorrence which ſhe bears to Vice,
How ſhe ſtarts wildly from the Thought of Guilt
Or of Diſhonour, then do thou be judge
With what Aſtoniſhment, with what Convulſions
Her Soul receiv'd theſe Meſſages from *Appius;*
A Feaver dangerous to Life enſu'd.

L. Icil. O give me Patience, Heaven, or grow thou
Enrag'd like me, and hurl th' avenging Thunder

Corn. Lucius, this Villain is below the Thunder;
Believe thy ſelf the Delegate of Heaven
T'avenge thy *Rome,* and thy *Virginia* wrong'd.

L. Icil. O! Revenge! Revenge!

Corn. By Duty, and Affection both, ſhe's thine,
By Spouſals not to be diſſolv'd, Betroth'd,

And nought but Sacred Rites are wanting now
To make the loveliest Maid entirely thine,
That *Rome*, or lovely *Italy* can Boast,
Those Sacred Rites too, are just now preparing,
And e'er the Sun rowls twice more round the Heavens,
Thou'lt be completely blest.
Then, *Lucius*, I address my self to thee,
To know what answer I must send to *Appius*.

Hor. Let good *Cornelia* send the Tyrant word
She is preparing all things to receive him.

L. Icil. What means *Horatius!*

Val. O! by all means receive him!

L. Icil. Receive him! how receive him!

Val. Warmly, as Patriots should receive a Tyrant,
Let us receive him *Lucius*, let us grasp him,
Not by the Hand, but by the faithless Heart;
Hast thou a Dagger, and could'st ask that Question,
What *Roman* wants one here?

L. Icil. I want not one by Heaven!

M. Icil. Nor I.

C. Num. Nor I.

P. Num. Nor I.

And tho' this Hand by Age enfeebl'd shakes,
When lifted at proud *Appius*, 'twill be firm:
Or if it Trembles then, 'twill be for fear,
Least it should miss his Heart.

Val. Let but the Tyrant come within my reach,
And if my nervous Hand then miss his Heart,
Like *Scævola*—the Traytor I'll disown,
And burn it Piece-meal from my honest Limbs.

M. Icil. There spoke the Soul of *Mucius*; *Appius* dies.

All, The Tyrant dies, he dies!

L. Icil. Oh noble fury! Oh! the matchless Fire!
I hear in every Voice, and see in every Eye,
By Heaven Revenge, Revenge is to be had,
Vengeance, and Liberty, Children of *Jove*,
Down from their Native Sky, come hand in hand,
Our Gods, our Guardian Gods, are here amongst us.

Then as our Hearts are join'd, join all our Hands,
And let us kneel, and ſolemnly let's Swear,
Swear by the Gods of *Rome*, thoſe very Gods
That are amongſt us now, amongſt us here,
Inſpiring us with more than mortal Minds.
All. Let's Swear. [*Kneel.*
L. Icil. By *Romulus*, the Founder of our Empire,
Now Great *Quirinus*——our propitious God.
All. We Swear.
L. Icil. By *Mars*, whoſe Influence from ſo ſmall a riſe
Rais'd *Rome* to this Magnificence——
All. We Swear.
L. Icil. By Supreme *Jove*, the Stayer—who ſav'd the State,
At *Romulus*'s call, and has decreed
To make his *Romans* his Vicegerents here,
To Rule this under-world.
All. We Swear.
L. Icil. By all the Powers of Earth, and thoſe of Hell,
By the Infernal King, the Fates, and Furies,
And by our Great Fore-father's mighty Shades,
By *Brutus*, by *Horatius*, by *Poplicola*,
Whoſe awful Ghoſts we here invoke to riſe,
And with their mighty Spirits fill our Minds;
We Swear, as here our Hands are join'd in one,
So ſhall our Daggers meet in *Appius* Heart,
As ſoon as here we have him in the Toyles.
All. So ſhall our Daggers meet in *Appius* Heart,
As ſoon as here we have him in the Toyles. [*Riſe.*
P. Num. The Tyrant will this guilty viſit make
Unguarded, or attended by a few,
Howe'er, againſt the Worſt we muſt provide;
Let each Man here alarm thoſe faithful Friends,
Whom he can with the Fate of *Rome* entruſt,
And introduce them to this place in Perſon,
And here, within an Hour, all meet again,
Icilius, only you muſt here remain
To comfort ſad *Virginia*, and conceal

Your preſence from the Tyrant, who depends
Upon *Virginius* her Father's abſence,
And on his Ignorance of thy Return.
L. Icil. 'Tis done.
Now Night attended by *Megæra* riſe,
And thy deep Silence, and thy diſmal Shades
Redouble, while to th' infernal King
We offer up this dreadful Sacrifice.
Thou *Rome*, from thy Lethargick Slumber rowſe,
And as the Mother of the Gods with Pride
And Joy her deathleſs Progeny Surveys;
Behold thy Godlike Sons aſſembl'd here,
And in their matchleſs Spirits, wondring ſee,
Mars, and Great *Jove*, come down, to ſet thee free.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lucius Icilius, Virginia.

Virg. HOW I have ſuffer'd ſince thou left'ſt me, *Lucius*,
Heaven only knows.
L. Icil. How thou ſhalt be Reveng'd, both Heaven, and Earth,
And Hell ſhall know.
Virg. Left to my ſelf, thou abſent at *Fidenæ*,
My Father in the Camp on Hoary *Algid*:
Each Hour I thought dire *Appius* wou'd have come,
And with th' Apprehenſion, ſtill I tremble.
L. Icil. Prophetick were thy Fears, the Tyrant comes.
Virg. Ah Gods! thou kill'ſt me *Lucius!*
L. Icil. Periſh Ten Thouſand Tyrants firſt, like *Appius*.
Virg. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?
L. Icil. He comes this very moment.
Virg. Juſt Heaven! for what?
L. Icil. To die: Know here in Ambuſh lies his Fate,
Thou ſhalt ſee Twenty Daggers plung'd at once
Into his Impious Breaſt, and be reveng'd
For all the baſe Affronts the Tyrant offer'd.
But ſee my Brother *Marcus* comes in haſte,
And in his looks a high concern appears,
His Blood flows mantling o'er his wrathful Face,
Th' avenging Genius of Majeſtick *Rome*
Shines on his dreadful Brow. The Tyrant comes,

Enter Marcus Icilius.

Is it not ſo, my *Marcus?*
M. Icil. It is; from his accurſed Gates I watch'd him,
Along the Sacred way he hither Steals,
Attended by four Lictors, like a Thief

Who comes by Night to unhoard the precious Caſh
Of ſome ſubſtantial Uſurer.
L. Icil. Are our Friends come, *Horatius* and *Valerius?*
M. Icil. 'Twill be yet half an hour e'er th'are ready,
But *Appius* in few Minutes will be here.
L. Icil. While I endeavour to confirm *Virginia*,
Thou, *Marcus*, near the Door, his entrance watch,
and let the Bell give notice of his coming.
Virg. Say, Doſt thou Love me, *Lucius?*
L. Icil. Let my Eyes anſwer thee.
Virg. If e'er thou Lov'ſt *Virginia*, let me go
E'er cruel *Appius* comes.
L. Icil. *Appius* will come before our Friends arrive,
And will be gone, unleſs *Virginia* ſtays him.
Virg. My Heart is form'd of ſuch a tender Mold,
I ne'er cou'd ſee the vileſt Creature Die.
L. Icil. I know thy wondrous tenderneſs of Nature,
But call the greatneſs of thy Underſtanding,
Call all the force of Virtue to thy Aid;
Think that the Gods, whom thou ſo warmly ſerv'ſt,
Have choſen thee the glorious Inſtrument
Of freeing *Rome*, that under *Appius* Groans,
Think, think, that by the part which thou ſhalt bear
In ſuch a glorious Action, thou'lt oblige
Rome, and the Gods, who have predeſtin'd *Rome*
To be the mighty Miſtreſs of the Univerſe.
Virg. The Gods of every Virtue are poſſeſs'd,
'Tis the poſſeſſing all which makes them Gods,
Not ſo are Mortals, but from Heaven derive,
Thoſe which at firſt the forming hand of *Jove*
Fitted their Earthly Organs to receive.
Thus Man in Power, and Intrepidity,
And great Revenge, the Image is of Heaven.
Woman in ſoft Compaſſion, and in Mercy;
The nobler Virtues I admire, and Love,
Which ſhine ſo bright in my *Icilius* Soul,
But humbly am content to practiſe thoſe
Which fit the ſoftneſs of my Sex, and Temper.

L. Icil. But yet the Power which form'd the Nations made
His *Romans* of a different Strain from all,
To *Roman* Women he gave nobler Souls
Than e'en to Men of other Nations, Women
Have nobly ſerv'd t'advance his great Deſign,
The boldneſs of *Herſilia*, and her Friends
Made *Rome* the Miſtreſs of the Sabine Soil,
Lucretias, Virtue, Liberty reſtor'd,
Clelia defending it was more than Woman,
Nay more than Man of any other Nation.
And thou *Virginia*, art ordain'd by Heaven,
To free us from inſulting *Appius*'s Rage,
And re-eſtabliſh'd Liberty for ever.
But heark! the Tyrant comes, [*Bell rings.*
Now, now, *Virginia*, ſummon all thy Virtue,
Summon *Rome*'s injur'd Genius to thy aid,
The Gods who gave thee all this wondrous Beauty,
To enſlave the very Soul of the proud Wretch,
Who thinks it Great his Country to enſlave,
Will, if invok'd, infuſe into thy Breaſt,
A Spirit worthy, of that matchleſs Form,
And then this barb'rous Tyrant thou'lt receive,
With all that indignation and diſdain
That worthy is of *Rome*, and worthy me.
But if at laſt thy ſinking Spirits fail thee,
Before the purple Scene of Death begins,
Thrice ſhall the Larum ſtrike thy trembling Ear,
To give thee timely notice to retire.
[*Manet Virginia ſola.*] [*Exeunt.*

Virg. The Almighty Powers who human Nature form'd
Which at your pleaſure ye can raiſe, or change,
Who, of ſo ſoft, ſo merciful a Mold
Have made me, and have made me yet a *Roman*,
O pour into my pure unſpotted Breaſt,
A Beam of your great ſelves, that I at once
Your Terrors and your Mercies may aſſume,
May ſhew a ſoft, and yet a *Roman* Soul,

May flaſh ſuch Light'ning in this Tyrant's Face,
Such horror and amazement in his Soul,
That he may have a ſenſe of all his Crimes,
And may repent, and live.

Enter Appius, Fulvius.

App. Fulvius!
Ful. My Lord!
App. Keep you without, and on your Life, be watchful,
Entering, I two audacious Slaves obſerv'd,
One dar'd to caſt a look of Scorn upon me,
The other darted Beams of murdrous Spight,
I like it not, as thou art faithful to me,
Be diligent and watchful.
Ful. My Lord, I will. [*Exit.*
App. Madam.
Virg. Bleſs me! What are you?
App. One who commands in every place but this.
But here I come, to obey.
Virg. Who are you?
App. Appius.
Virg. Appius, they ſay, is inſolent and fierce,
Thou haſt the uſage of an humble Slave.
App. You ſee your Power.
Virg. My Power!
App. Nay, give the Slave you torture leave to groan.
Virg. I torture you! you wrong me,
But to be falſly accus'd is uſual now;
Till now I never ſaw you, never thought of you,
Nay ſee you not, and think not of you now.
App. Confuſion! Can I bear this!
Then bluſh Ambition at thy reſtleſs toil
T' acquire unbounded Power, of which a Girl
Has influence to deprive thee. [*aſide.*
Yet me you force each day, and all the day
To behold you, and for the lovely ſight

I pay down all my Bliſs, and all my Power,
That boundleſs Power which coſt me ſo much Time,
And ſo much Thought, and my whole peace of Mind!
Into my preſence every hour you preſs
Upon my intimate Retirements, preſs,
My Guards that keep out Death, can't keep out you.
Virg. O wondrous Wiſdom, godlike Power of Mind!
O Man deſerving to command an Empire!
So abſolutely thou command'ſt thy ſelf,
Such divine Care thou tak'ſt of thoſe thou rul'ſt,
Now when they're tottering on the brink of Fate.
App. A Face leſs beautiful than that which now,
Compels me Empire to forſake for Love;
Has oft from Heaven allur'd the gazing Gods,
And made 'em ſtoop to be more happy here,
But if thy Charms before were ſo reſiſtleſs
From thy inimitable Form alone,
Now, now be judge of their Almighty Power,
Now thy ſweet Voice has bleſt my raviſh'd Ears,
While from thy Lips flows Eloquence Divine,
Wiſdom accompliſh'd e'en in earlieſt Bloom,
As if the Gods had finiſh'd thee with Care,
And then inſtructed thee, and ſent thee down,
To give Mankind, a taſte of Bliſs eternal:
Witneſs theſe Gods, who know the Heart of *Appius*;
I'd rather have *Virginia* mine, than Empire.
Virg. I am *Icilius*'s, and he is mine.
Both by indiſſoluble Contract bound.
App. That Contract, I by boundleſs Power diſſolve.
Virg. That Contract is inforc'd by your own Laws.
App. For others, not my ſelf, I form'd thoſe Laws.
Virg. The Gods themſelves are bound by their own Laws.
App. The Gods I know not; I am bound by none.
Virg. But I am bound by all.
App. But I, with your Obedience, can diſpence,
Virg. With Juſtice, Jove himſelf, can ne'er diſpence,
For ceaſing to be Juſt, he ceaſeth to be Jove.

App.

App. A Face like thine has made him oft unjuſt,
And oft intrench upon the marriage Vow.
Virg. Fictions of idle Bards!
App. Once more, I ſay, your Contract I'll diſſolve.
Virg. As ſoon you may divide our faithful Hearts,
And Love's as much above thy Power, as Fate.
App. And are you of my Rival then, ſo fond,
Virg. Like Life I Love him, for in him, I live.
App. You muſt forget him.
Virg. For him alone, I all things have forgot.
App. You muſt be mine.
Virg. I ſee thee not, *Icilius* is between us,
And interceps my ſight.
App. Come, come, you ſhall be mine.
Virg. Ay, now thou ſhew'ſt thy ſelf,
Thou art that proud, that ſtormy Tyrant, *Appius*,
All thy deformity of Mind breaks out
Upon thy cruel Face, and blaſts my Eyes.
App. Furies! Was ever Inſolence like this?
But 'tis with Juſtice, we are us'd with ſcorn,
When we forego the Lordſhip, Nature gave us,
Baſely ſubmitting, where we ought to rule;
No whining now, no more unmanly moan,
I will command thee now, doubly command thee,
As I am Man, and as I lord it, here;
I'll humble your proud Scorn, and what's deny'd
To my ſoft Prayer, by boundleſs Power, I'll take,
To thee, like Jove to Semele, I'll come,
And will with Light'ning, and with Thunder claſp thee.
Virg. Vain Man, is inſolent, and proud, becauſe
He's ignorant, or thoughtleſs of his Fate;
Say, wer't thou to expire the following Moment,
Thou know'ſt not but thou may'ſt;
Would'ſt thou then talk thus?
App. Yes, well haſt thou inſtructed me,
Since Death for ought I know this hour may come,
The deareſt Joy that Life can give, I'll graſp,

And

And ſeize upon it, now.
Virg. Ha! Have a care! thou know'ſt not where thou art,
App. Where I am ſovereign Lord, and uncontrolable.
Virg. Tyrant, no!
The injur'd Genius of majeſtick *Rome*
The Gods, and this control thee. [*Holds up a Dagger.*
App. No, every where in *Rome*, I, I am abſolute.
Virg. Vain, wretched Man, *Jove*, only *Jove* is abſolute,
And thou the very Slave and Tool of Fate.
That Jove is abſolute who me inſpir'd
To throw my ſoft, and tender Nature off,
And ſpeak in his own Language, ſpeak in Thunder,
To tell thee thy dire Crimes have reach'd their height,
Thy Perjuries, thy violated Vows,
Thy Rapines, thy Oppreſſions, and thy Murders;
And now the Hour ordain'd for Vengeance comes,
Now ſovereign Juſtice weighs thee in the Balance;
And the aſtoniſhing Decree prepares
That's coming out againſt thee; hark! even now!
Hark! how the dreadful Thunder o'er thee growles,
And is about to part with hideous roar.
Ah wretched Creature, trembling on thy Knees
Implore ſweet Mercy of th' offended Powers,
For Heaven and Earth, are leagu'd to thy deſtruction.
App. Ha! thou art ſtrangely mov'd! Who told thee this?
How! *Fulvius* pale and trembling, oh damnation!
I'll ſome directions to my Client give,
And in a Moment wait on you.

Enter Fulvius.

Virg. Ye eternal Gods, who govern this great World,
And rule the Heart of Man, and thou great Jove,
To whom are ſacred Hoſpitable Rights,
Turn, turn the Heart of this deteſted Tyrant,
Let his Repentance, for his Crimes atone,
That his deſtruction may not blaſt my Eyes

Nor Pierce my Ears, nor his polluting Gore
Our houſhold, hoſpitable God's prophane.
App. Arm'd Men within theſe Walls! in Vizours too!
The publick Doors made faſt by Maſſy Bars,
Some of our nobleſt *Romans* ſtrait expected,
With their Dependents, Clients, and their Friends.
Fulv. To be admitted by a ſecret Paſſage,
Which where it lay, the mercenary Slave
Whoſe Tongue, my Gold unty'd, wou'd never tell.
App. Unleſs we 'ſcape by Artifice, we're loſt.
Fulv. Had they not all been bound by ſolemn Oath
To act in Conſort, we had now been dead.
App. How ſoon are they expected?
Fulv. Within an Hour at fartheſt.
App. Be thy Behaviour ſuch as nought had happen'd,
In every thing conformable to mine;
Divineſt of thy Sex; thou more than Woman!
Goddeſs of Wiſdom, who vouchſaf'ſt a while,
To ſojourn here, in mortal Shape below,
And by the ſight of thy Cœleſtial Charms,
T' allure the World to Virtue;
O let me penitent, and proſtrate fall,
And grov'ling on the Earth, implore Forgiveneſs,
Of thee whoſe conſtant Soul, the view of Empire,
Nor fear of Death, nor what is worſe than Death,
Cou'd cauſe to ſwerve from Virtues ſtricteſt Paths.
Virg. What do I ſee! Thy Soul is once more alter'd,
For in thy Voice, no lofty Accent's found,
No haughty Inſolence is in thy Air,
Nor cruel Pride on thy preſumptuous Brow,
Deplorable the Look, ſo terrible before,
The Gods by me have ſurely touch'd thy Soul.
App. 'Tis as the gracious Powers foretold it all.
Virg. What Powers!
App. Laſt Night, in the dread Silence of the Dark,
When ſleep reſembles moſt his Brother Death,
This frightful Viſion ſhook my lab'ring Soul,

In

In a vaſt Foreſt, deſolate, and wild,
By the dim Horrors of the dusky Moon,
Benighted, and alone, I ſadly ſtray'd,
The frowning Heavens in fearful gloom appear'd,
About my Head a bluſtring Tempeſt roar'd,
And the Earth bellowing, underneath me ſhook,
And like a Sea diſturb'd by Winds, it wav'd;
Then under me with monſtrous Chaſm it yawn'd,
And I ten thouſand, thouſand Fathom fell,
Nor ſtop't, till I the burning center reach'd,
Saw the dire Secrets of th' infernal World,
Beheld the Severe Judges of pale Ghoſts,
The Furies, and th' inexorable King,
Beheld the Molten Gold of flowing *Styx*,
That caſts a diſmal Light, and ſcares the Damn'd.

Virg. O Heaven and Earth! 'tis terrible, it ſhakes me!

App. Millions of Ghoſts, that ſtar'd with ſtony Eyes,
And gnaſh'd with Iron Teeth, I there beheld,
Toſs'd from the Banks, amidſt the flaming Gold,
And plung'd by Red-hot Prongs of Snaky Furies;
'Twas in that place my Father's awful Ghoſt
Appear'd, and with a hollow groan, cry'd *Appius!*
Why *Appius*, haſt thou ſacred *Rome* oppreſt,
Why haſt thou ſtrove to tempt from Virtue's Paths,
The tendereſt, faithfull'ſt, and the chaſteſt Maid,
That Breaths th' Ætherial Air; for what thou haſt done,
Soon ſhalt thou hither come a guilty Ghoſt,
And new unheard of Torments Hell invents
Againſt thy dire approach; yet one way's left
T'avoid this infinite abyſs of woe;
By ſwift Repentance, and ſevere Remorſe
Obtain forgiveneſs of offended Mercy;
For ſhe is Mercy's ſelf ſent down from Heaven
With her ſweet look, to ſooth the Cares of Mortals.

Virg. Oh! Horrour! Horrour! how had'ſt thou the Power,
Such impious words prophanely to pronounce,
After this dreadful Viſion of the Night.

App. I, as an empty Dream, deſpis'd it all.
Virg. What makes you now regard it?
App. The Gods by thee, convince me, that 'tis true,
I hear it in thy Voice, I ſee it in thy Eyes;
Divinity is in thy troubl'd Face,
And Heaven is in thy Air,
By thee, the gracious Gods, have touch'd my Soul. [*Bell Rings.*
Virg. O! all ye Powers! hark! hark! the Knell of Death,
That dreadful Larum Summons thee to Hell,
That Hell which thou ſo terribly deſcrib'ſt;
Swear thy Repentance is ſincere, or elſe
Thou dy'ſt the following moment.
App. Sincere as is thy Virtue, or may Death;
May inſtant Death ruſh in upon my Soul,
And ſend me down to ſuffer thoſe dire Torments,
Which now the cruel Hoſt of Hell prepares for me.
Virg. Swear then that *Rome* is from this moment free,
And thou wilt never dare t' approach me more.
App. By my dread Father's awful Ghoſt, I Swear,
By all th' unutterable Powers I ſaw
In th' amazing Viſion of the Night.
Virg. Paſs thro' that Door, then turn upon the left,
And by the glimmering of a winking Lamp
Thou'lt ſpy a Poſtern Gate, and here's the Key
Which ſtill I have kept t'avoid thy Violence,
By this thou may'ſt eſcape. [*Bell Rings.*
Ah Wretch! this Moment fly, or thou art loſt. [*Exit* App.
For the laſt time the fatal Larum Rings, [*Bell Rings.*
Pray Heaven he's gone, or elſe I muſt prepare
My Ears to hear his laſt expiring Groans,
My Eyes to ſee him weltring in his Blood,
And all our Hoſpitable Rights prophan'd.

Enter

Enter L. Icilius, M. Icilius, Horatius, Valerius, Publius Num. Caius Num.

L. Icil. Death and Deſtruction will no longer wait,
No longer will arreſt their lifted Arms,
Rome and *Virginia* urge our Daggers home.
Ha! where is the Traytor?
Virg. He's gone.
L. Icil. Confuſion! gone?
Hor. The Gods forbid.
Val. The Fate of *Rome* defend it.
L. Icil. No, he's not gone, thy Tenderneſs wou'd ſave him.
Virg. 'Tis his own Virtue and Remorſe have ſav'd him.
For oh ſo mild, ſo humble, and ſo chang'd,
So Penitent is he!
L. Icil. He Penitent! oh, damn the vile diſſembler!
Suppoſe he were, after a thouſand Crimes,
All of the fearfull'ſt, of the blackeſt hue,
After he has bound, and robb'd, and murder'd *Rome*,
Shall he be quit for half an Hour's remorſe?
He never ſhall, he's in the Toils, we have him,
And every *Roman* here is Perjur'd, Damn'd,
Who makes not Vengeance ſure.
Nor ſhall our Country loſe the great Example;
The noble Deed which we to Night perform,
Shall blaſt a thouſand Tyrants in the Bud;
Ambition ſhall but hear the dreadful Tale,
And trembling o'er the mortal ſound, expire.
Come, my *Virginia* ſays but this to try me.
Virg. He's gone, by Heaven he's gone.
L. Icil. Impoſſible! for Death himſelf ſtood Centry,
And arm'd with twenty Darts, ſecur'd the Entrance.
Virg. But *Appius* by the Poſtern Gate eſcap'd.
All. Ha!
P. Num. Then we are loſt.
L. Icil. All's loſt!

Val.

Val. Farewel Revenge.
Hor. Farewel the hope of Liberty for ever.
L. Icil. O curſed Chance! O fond Credulity!
Virg. I tell thee, never Man was ſo much alter'd,
And *Rome's* by this time Free.
L. Icil. *Rome* is for ever loſt, we all are loſt,
And thou, alas, the moſt undone of Women;
O, by the Gods I pity thee, but why,
O why haſt thou reduc'd me to weak pity?
P. Num. We muſt diſperſe, without delay diſperſe,
Or ſoon the Tyrant with his Murdering Guard
Will be upon our Lives, *Icilius* thou
And thou my Son muſt haſte to old *Fidenæ*,
To hoary *Algid*, thou, O *Marcus* hie,
T'inform *Virginius* of his Daughter's Danger;
Publiſh thro' both the Camps the Tyrant's Dead,
And then exhort the Troops to furl their Standards,
And poſt away to *Rome*: *Horatius* thou,
And thou *Valerius* keep thy Friends in Arms,
And try to raiſe the murm'ring People here,
I will to *Claudius*, Uncle to dire *Appius*,
Whoſe grave Authority alone has Power
To turn and bend the Stubborn Tyrant's Will;
He may perhaps perſuade him to deſiſt
From his accurſt attempt. Let us be gone.
All. Let us be gone away.
Virg. What will become of me? *Icilius* ſtay.
L. Icil. Not for the World.
Virg. If e'er thou lov'dſt me ſtay, I charge thee ſtay.
L. Icil. No, To preſerve *Virginia*, I muſt fly.
Virg. Have I preferr'd *Icilius* to the World,
And he deſerts me at my extremeſt need?
Ah! Can'ſt thou leave me to the Rage of *Appius*?
L. Icil. You to the Rage of *Appius*! Madam! you!
His Patroneſs! his Benefactreſs! you
To whom he owes his Life! his very Being,
Who ſav'd him, when the World could not have ſav'd him,

Who

Who frankly ſacrific'd your Country to him,
All your Relations, all your Friends at once,
And your poor Lover above all——Adieu.
Virg. Thou ſhalt not go, unleſs thou tear'ſt my Limbs from me
T' attend upon my Heart. [*Embraces him.*
L. Icil. Reſolve to ſee me murder'd in your Arms,
Who can defend you from the Tyrant then?
See, where he comes amidſt his curſed Guards. [*Lets him go.*
Virg. Help, murder.
Lucius, thou haſt deceiv'd me, thou unkind one.
L. Icil. Deceiv'd you, to preſerve you, which nought now
But a Revolt of all the Legions can,
I, for that purpoſe to *Fydenæ* fly,
But ſoon depend upon it will return.
Virg. O ſtay one Moment longer.
L. Icil. No, tho' I feel the Pangs the dying feel,
When Soul and Body part, I dare not ſtay,
What ho within there? See *Cornelia* comes.

Enter Cornelia.

To thy dear Care, *Cornelia*, I commit
My Life, my Soul, do thou conduct her ſafely.
To *Numitorius* Houſe, till my return
Which ſhall be with the earlieſt Dawn of Morning.
Farewel, my Life, farewel. [*Exit.*
Virg. He's gone, and I ſhall never ſee him more,
Ne'er ſee the ſacred Fountain of my Life,
Virginius more.
Corn. Before to morrow's Sun has reach'd its height.
They'll both be here, your Father and your Lover,
Fidenæ lies within the Ken of *Rome*,
And *Algidum* but twelve Miles diſtant hence.
Virg. The Tyrant will be here to Night; to Night,
And who ſhall ſave me from his Fury now?
Deliver me ye Gods, whom I have ſerv'd
With ſo much Zeal, or if the reſt forſake me,

Come Death and ſave me from the Tyrant's Fury.
Corn. Come think of Life, of Happineſs, of Glory,
Think of the warm and tender Love of *Lucius*.
Virg. 'Tis hard indeed to dye, and think of *Lucius*,
And I muſt try to live, this dreadful Night,
I'll with my Uncle *Numitorius* ſtay,
And if my Love returns not with the Day,
To morrow to th' *Aſylum* I'll retire
Of aweful *Veſta*, and augment the Choir
Of the chaſt Maids, who watch th' eternal Fire.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Second ACT.

ACT.

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

Enter Claudius, Publius Numitorius.

Claud. FOrce? Can he barbarouſly threaten Force?
P. Num. Yes; threaten both by Proxy and in Perſon;
And one ſo proud, ſo cruel, and ſo fierce,
As if that Nature form'd him for her ruin,
Is more than like to bring theſe Threats to practice,
And we have loſt all hope to ſave *Virginia*,
Unleſs you kindly ſhelter her from Fate.
You only he reſpects, and you eſteems
The living glory of his noble Race;
And your Authority has more than once
Been known to bend his cruel Soul to Mercy:
Then noble *Claudius* let me here conjure you,
By the bright Honour of the *Claudian* Race,
Which the black Crime that *Appius* now deſigns
Is like to eclipſe with fearful infamy;
By the high Juſtice of the Cauſe it ſelf,
Have pity on *Virginia*'s loſt Eſtate.
O did you but ſurvey this mournful Maid,
The Sight of her wou'd ſurely pierce a Soul
Much harder to be mov'd, than that of *Claudius*.
Claud. Virginia's danger ſurely moves me much,
But oh this curſed Tyrant's moves me more;
For oh he headlong to deſtruction runs
And to eternal infamy.
If he purſues his damn'd deſign, he's gone
His Hour his come; and all his bluſtring rage
(O dreadful ſcandal to the *Claudian* race)
At the Foot of the *Tarpeian* Rock will fall.
P. Num. Hark!

Bleſs me, what noiſe is that which ſtill grows nearer?
Claud. Some Women in diſtreſs for ſuccour ſhriek.
P. Num. What is there violence committed here,
Here, in the publick Streets of *Rome*, by Day?
Now by yon Heaven 'tis poor *Virginia*'s Voice.
Claud. Is't poſſible? Nay then your fears were true.
By Heaven 'tis ſhe, and with her good *Cornelia*,
And who purſues them? O ye immortal Gods!
Fulvius, the Tyrant's moſt deteſted Creature;
Who thinks his Maſter's Power will be perpetual,
And hopes to raiſe his wretched Fortune by it.
Let us a while obſerve him at a diſtance.

Enter Virginia, Cornelia, Fulvius, *and others.*

Virg. O Earth, and Heaven! What have I liv'd to hear?
I charge thee come not near me.
Corn. Prophane her not with thy deteſted touch.
Virg. Nor hurt my Eyes with thy deteſted ſight.
Corn. Begone!
Fulv. Yes, I will go, but not without *Virginia*.
Virg. O help *Diana!* help eternal *Veſta*,
Help all ye Powers, protectors of the Chaſte!
Corn. What does the Villain mean?
Fulv. To ſeize upon my Slave where e'er I find her.
You Rogues, who ſtand unmov'd like ſenceleſs Stones,
Nay are not half ſo much alive as Statues,
Dogs! Villains! bear her off, and do your Duty.
Claud. Fulvius! Oh *Fulvius! Fulvius!* Stop I charge thee.
'Tis I, 'Tis *Claudius* who commands thee, ſtay.
Virg. Juſt Heaven has heard my Prayer.
Fulv. O my good Lord! Stop there ye Slaves a Moment,
My noble Lord! You are a Friend to Juſtice;
This is my Slave detain'd from me too long,
By the unjuſt Oppreſſion of *Virginius*.
Virg. O ye immortal Gods!
Corn. See if this Villain ſtrikes not *Claudius* dumb,

And

And harrows him with wonder.

Claud. Is this thy Slave? O villany unheard of!
Unparallell'd! unpreſidented Impudence!
Hear me, and ponder what I tell thee well,
For it concerns thee near. If thou believ'ſt
I am a ſtranger to the damn'd deſign,
Of which thou'rt made the execrable Tool,
Thou err'ſt; and if thou ever lov'd'ſt thy ſelf
Repent, while yet 'tis given thee to repent,
And on thy Knees implore this Lady's Mercy;
E'en now repent, or now the Hour comes on
When thou wilt curſe thy ſelf for unbelieving.
And if thou think'ſt thy impious Lord can ſave thee,
Vengeance divine will undeceive thee ſoon.
He ſoon will want the Power to ſave himſelf;
For he's a curſed Thing caſt off by Jove,
And to th' avenging Furies given up.
Go tell him this from me.

Fulv. My Lord, he'll in a Moment paſs this way,
This will ſound better from your Mouth than mine.

Claud. And by th' immortal Gods I'll tell him more;
Yes, in his Ears I'll thunder ſuch a Peal,
As his Lethargick Conſcience ſhall awake,
And make him mad to cure him.

Fulv. I humbly of your Lordſhip take my leave,
And beg that with me I may take my Slave.

Claud. Now by the Gods, name ſuch another Word,
I'll pour the *Roman* People in upon thee;
And Ruin, like a Torrent, ſhall o'erwhelm thee.
Thou o'ergrown Impudence! Thou frontleſs Villany!
Can ought that looks like Heaven belong to thee?
Caſt but thy Eyes upon that lovely Face,
Then try, if thou dar'ſt claim her as thy Slave?
Alas I rave! thou want'ſt the very Power
To look upon her with a ſtedfaſt Eye;
The Bird of Night can ſooner bear the Sun,
Than thou the ſacred influence of her Eyes.

But with a guilty and a down caſt Look
Thou art compell'd to own that thou art aw'd
By a ſuperior and diviner Being.
Fulv. My Lord! Your Lordſhip always cou'd ſpeak well,
But yet your Words were never yet our Laws;
Therefore I muſt entreat my noble Lord
Either t'allow this Woman to be mine,
Or elſe that you and *Publius Numitorius*
Wou'd give your ſolemn Words that in an Hour,
She, whom you call *Virginia*, ſhall appear
In her own Perſon in the publick Court,
Where it may be determin'd by plain Law
Whether ſhe is my legal Slave or no.
One or the other ſure my Lord will grant,
Or elſe he muſt obſtruct the courſe of Juſtice.
Claud. Juſtice! O Villain! Dar'ſt thou barely name her?
The very ſound ſhou'd make thee hide thy Head.
As that of Thunder does the Foes of Gods.
And do'ſt thou dare then to perſiſt in this?
Fulv. My Lord, I muſt, and will perſiſt.
Claud. I plainly ſee thou dar'ſt not but perſiſt,
Then here I give my ſolemn Word.
P. Num. And I give mine.
Both. That in an Hour *Virginia* ſhall appear.
Fulv. Health and long Happineſs attend your Lordſhip.
And ſo my noble Lord I take my leave. [*Exit.*
Claud. Yes, yes, ſhe ſhall appear, let not that Thought
Diſturb thee; but yet e'er the Sun rowls round
Thou'lt howling wiſh thou had'ſt loſt thy deareſt Blood
That ſhe had ne'er appear'd.
P. Num. See where amid'ſt his Guard the Tyrant comes.
Claud. Do you conduct the Ladies, I'll expect him.
P. Num. Come, ſweet *Virginia*, good *Cornelia* come,
We muſt prepare t'appear before dire *Appius*.
Short is our time, and we have much to do.
Virg. My time is ſhort indeed, but long enough,
To ſhew I am a *Roman*, and no Slave.
[*Exeunt Virg. P. Num. & Corn.*

Enter Appius.

Claud. *Decemvir* ſtop a Moment.
App. What wou'd my honour'd Uncle?
Claud. Command your Lictors to withdraw a while,
And keep the People at a greater diſtance.
App. Guards let my Uncle be forthwith obey'd.
Now what wou'd you Command me?
Claud. I come to beg thee to Command thy ſelf;
I come to give thee warning of the Vengeance
Which thou'rt about to pull from Heaven upon thee.
App. For what?
Claud. Dar'ſt thou, Created to Eſtabliſh Law,
Dar'ſt thou attempt a thing againſt all Law,
Even Nature's Sacred and Original Law?
App. What is this horrid thing?
Claud. What? Dares the Judge of *Rome* commit a Rape?
A Rape on a Free Woman?
App. I commit a Rape?
Claud. You.
App. On whom?
Claud. The young and blooming Daughter of *Virginius*.
App. Who told you this?
Claud. Why is ſhe brought before thy black Tribunal
On this moſt impudent pretence of Slavery?
Who told me this? you take it for a Secret,
When 'tis the univerſal Talk of *Rome*.
App. Shou'd any *Roman* elſe but dare to talk thus,
I'd make him howle, yes by the Gods I wou'd.
Did I acquire this Independent Power
To be control'd by the baſe Scum of *Rome*?
I got it to control them, and to Ride them;
To Ride them hard, and uſe the Spur or Rein
As it ſeems good to me.
Claud. If you go on,
You'll find them but a wild and dangerous Beaſt,

Who

Who firſt will throw, then ſtamp upon their Rider.
And dar'ſt thou raſhly thus preter thy ſelf
Before the Body of the *Roman* People?
But this aſſure thy ſelf, if thou proceed'ſt,
The People whom ſo raſhly thou contemn'ſt,
Will make thee feel their Excellence; their Strength
Will riſe, and will revenge *Virginia* wrong'd,
And pour down ruin on thy curſed Head.

App. I fear them not, they ſay themſelves are wrong'd,
And yet you ſee they bear it.

Claud. Becauſe tho' all of them agree in thought,
They know not one another, but when Heaven
Would mighty Revolutions bring to paſs,
It always for a great occaſion waits,
That may awake and rouze the ſlumbring World
And that occaſion thou art going to give,
To do the moſt provoking of all wrongs.
The *Roman* People
Have born thy Pride, thy Cruelty, thy Rapines,
Thy horrible Oppreſſions, and thy Murders,
And the ſame People bore all this from *Tarquin:*
But when he baſely came to force their Women,
That rouz'd 'em from their long Lethargick ſlumber,
Soon they appear'd true Off-ſprings of Love's Goddeſs;
And like a half tam'd Lyon urg'd to madneſs,
Aloud they roar'd, and ramping ſcar'd their Keeper.
That which confounded *Tarquin*, Confounds thee;
Yet *Tarquin* dy'd an Exile in his Bed,
But thou wilt from the dreadful Rock be thrown.

App. Well! Since at laſt I am compell'd to ſpeak,
Swear thou wilt keep the Secrets of our Houſe,
And I'll diſcloſe my Soul to thee.

Claud. I ſwear.

App. Know then I love *Virginia*, even to madneſs love her;
So deſp'rate, ſo outrageous is my Flame,
That to poſſeſs I'll venture any Death,
Yes, the moſt Cruel and moſt Infamous,

For

For fierce Deſire extends me on the Rack,
And of neceſſity I muſt poſſeſs,
Or in moſt cruel Torments muſt expire.
Claud. Die then with Infamy thou curſed thing,
Thou Merit'ſt it; but has thy bleeding Country
Deſerv'd that thou ſhould ſtill inflict more Wounds?
Think, think thou ſeeſt thy great Fore-fathers all
Ariſe from Hell to fright thee from this Deed;
And ſee old *Appius Claudius* at their Head,
Thy awful and thy ever honour'd Father.
Oh! had he but an Arm of Fleſh and Blood,
Degenerate Boy, to uſe a Father's right;
Here in the midſt of this polluted *Forum*,
Here in the midſt of all thy curſed Guards,
He'd do what all my words want Power to do,
And with his Dagger pierce thy cruel Heart.
App. No more, thou troubl'ſt me, all this I give
To my Relation, and the *Claudian* Race.
But trouble me no more, I cannot bear it.
Claud. Yes, tho' I die for't, thou ſhalt bear it all;
But if thou can'ſt contemn the *Claudian* Race.
If thou contemn'ſt thy dying Country's Groans,
Which might have power to melt a Heart of Marble:
If nought has force to move thy ſavage Soul,
But the young blooming Daughter of *Virginius*,
If e'er thou lov'dſt her, for her ſake deſiſt.
She is indeed ſo lovely, that ſhe ſeems
Form'd by the Gods to be deſir'd by Men.
But into what dire ruin art thou plunging
This ſweeteſt, lovelieſt, workmanſhip of Heaven?
How will ſo damn'd a deed as thou deſign'ſt,
Deface this wondrous Maſter-piece of Nature?
Thou art about to rob her of that ſweetneſs
That charms the Eyes and Hearts of all Beholders;
To render her contemptible and cheap
To all the World, and odious even to thee,
And to her ſelf moſt loathſome, and for what?

For a frail Joy ſo fading and ſo ſhort,
It dies before 'tis thought of; nay nor joy,
For thy deſign has made her ſtrongly hate thee,
Deteſt thee, loath thee, utterly abhor thee.

App. All this a thouſand, thouſand times I have thought,
Have done whatever mortal Man cou'd do,
To tear this curſed Paſſion from my Breaſt;
Or elſe Hell's blackeſt Torments were my due.
I have forborn my neceſſary Food,
The Food that Health and Life it ſelf requir'd;
Have paſt the Livelong Nights in thoughts profound
Without admitting ſlumber to my Eyes;
Have weakned Life to mortifie my Paſſion,
But like a ſtrong Diſeaſe it ſtill increas'd,
And flouriſh'd in my weakneſs.

Claud. Make an effort, a violent effort,
Perſiſting thou grow'ſt hateful to the Gods,
Deteſtable to all the Race of Men,
And to thy ſelf moſt loathſome and moſt horrible:
You want not Reaſon if you wou'd exert it.

App. I have no power t' exert this feeble Reaſon,
For O ſome God, ſome cruel God has fixt
This Madneſs of Deſire within my Mind;
Yes, 'tis the dire Effect of wrath Divine!
For O I rave! I rave! a raging Feaver
Shakes my Tempeſtuous Frame, devours my Blood,
And ſcorches and conſumes my inmoſt Marrow.
In vain I ſtruggle in the Toils of Fate,
I ſtruggle till I roar with burning Fury,
Curſe my falſe Stars, and partial Gods accuſe.
The more I ſtruggle, I'm the more perplex'd,
The more by ſtrong Neceſſity involv'd,
And Rage adds Force and Fury to my Love,
And makes my Reaſon weaker. Come ye *Claudii*,
Come ever glorious, ever honour'd Race,
And thou old awful *Appius* at their Head,
Aſcend from Hell with all Hell's Rage about you,

Come

Come and ſurvey this miſerable Breaſt,
And here's a ſight will turn your Rage to Grief,
And ſend you back to Hell with ſuch a Tale
As ſhall have power to move the damn'd to pity.

Enter Tribune.

Who art thou that preſumptuouſly intrud'ſt
Upon our private Talk? but by thy Garb,
And by thy Air, thou ſhou'dſt a *Tribune* be,
Sent by my Collegues on important Matters.
Trib. Yes, ſent by the *Decemvirs* who Command
The Legions that Encamp upon Mount *Algid*;
Who ſend you Health and this [*Gives Letters.*

App. Reads. *The arrival in the Camp of* Marcus, *Brother to* Lucius Icilius, *the late Tribune of the People, has inclin'd the Legions to a Revolt, who threaten to pull up their Standards, and March directly to* Rome. *The News of your Death has been maliciouſly ſpread thro' the Camp, to animate the Legions to a Rebellion; and tho' we have produc'd Letters from you of a freſher date than the Report, yet ſtill the Report prevails; ſeveral Tribunes and Centurions have already left the Army. If the Torrent encreaſes it will be too ſtrong for us to ſtemm; aſſiſt us as ſoon as poſſible with your Counſels, and with your Power.* Farewel.

Come to my Houſe within an Hour, and there
You Shall receive your anſwer. [*Exit* Tribune.
Damnation! theſe preſumptuous Rebels brave me;
Yes, they pretend to force *Virginia* from me,
To force my Empire from me, force my Life,
Which ſpight of all their Fury I'll maintain:
Let them come on, and by the Gods I'll face them
With ſuch a Spirit as ſhall damp their Rage,
And ſtrike it dead within their Coward Hearts.
As fierceſt Beaſts by Men reſolv'd are Tam'd,

I'll humble their rebellious Pride, I will,
Shew them a Man, a Being that's above them,
Born to Command, as they are Born to obey.

Claud. What force can you oppoſe againſt the Legions
Encamp'd on *Algid*'s Mount?

App. The other Army at *Fidenæ*'s mine.

Claud. No, the other Army burns with noble Thirſt
Of great Revenge for their *Dentatus* Murder,
Whom thou wilt now inflame beyond all Patience
By injuring their other hope, *Icilius.*

App. I have a ſtedfaſt Party in them all,
Beſides my Guards and Forces in the Town.

Claud. Too few, too weak, too wretched to oppoſe
The Solid Body of the Tribes and Legions.

App. Then, by the Gods, I'll with them join the Foe,
March at the Head of the Victorious *Sabines*,
And lead the conquering *Æqui* to theſe Walls;
Sink this proud City in a Sea of Blood,
And greatly ruin what I cou'd not Rule.

Claud. Hadſt thou directly thy deſcent deriv'd,
From a ſucceſſive Race of fifty Tyrants,
Thou coud'ſt not ſpeak one more: but be aſſur'd
If thou'rt reſolv'd on ruin, 'tis thy own;
Our Patron Gods this City will defend,
As ſoon thy miſerable Fate will ſhew.

App. Let the reſult be what it will, I'll on;
For ſhou'd I now my high Command reſign,
And more inglorioufly my Love forego,
'Twou'd all be imputed to ignoble fear.
Yes, they wou'd brag they ſcar'd me like a Girl;
That I my Miſtreſs yielded like a Coward,
And baſely ran from boundleſs Power away.
No, by yon glittering Lamp that Rules the Day,
Eclipſing all th' inferiour Lights of Heaven,
From hence I'll to my dread Tribunal go
As a prætext to blind the ſtupid Crowd,
Adjudge *Virginia* to be Slave to *Fulvius.*

The Maſter o'er his Slave has Power of Life,
Or Death, and that includes all other Powers;
And *Fulvius* ſtrait transfers his Power to me,
And then, ye Gods, I'll ſeize th' enchanting Joy,
And to the Heaven of Heavens my Raptures raiſe.

Claud. Thou go'ſt from hence thou ſay'ſt to thy Tribunal.

App. Immediately I go.

Claud. I'll meet thee there and plead *Virginia*'s Cauſe.

App. You dare not.

Claud. Tyrant I dare and will.

App. Diſcloſe my Secret, and your Life ſhall anſwer't.

Claud. Ha! doſt thou threaten me, degenerate Boy?
I value this old Life at the ſame rate,
As thou the old Honour of the *Claudian* Houſe,
But yet for my own ſake I'll keep thy Secret;
For never any of our noble Race
Dar'd to betray his Truſt excepting thee.
But I'll do that which more a thouſand times
Shall gall and wring thy Heart.

App. What will you do?

Claud. I'll pour ſuch ſtrong Conviction on thy Soul,
Even in the Eyes of all th' aſſembled People,
As ſhall be follow'd by thoſe dreadful Furies
That wait upon Remorſe, and puniſh mighty Crimes.
Yes, they ſhall ſcourge thee with a ſcourge of Scorpions,
And give thee a taſte of Hell beforehand here.

App. Thou talk'ſt in vain, I will perſiſt till Death.

Claud. 'Tis not thy wretched Life I go to ſave,
I go to ſave the Honour of the *Claudii*,
And ſhew th' aſſembled People that our Houſe,
Our noble Houſe abhors ſuch things as theſe;
But thy Brute Soul was ſhuffled in among us
By the miſtake of ſome o'er haſty God.
As for thy Life it is not worth my Care,
That and thy Empire are already loſt;
And ſo to the revenging Gods I leave thee. [*Exit.*

App. Well, if for Love I Empire muſt forego,
While in her Arms the Joys of Heaven I know,
I'll learn to ſcorn the wretched World below. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter P. Num. Caius,

Cai. OH honour'd Sir!
P. Num. oh *Caius* welcome! oh a thouſand [welcomes!
But where's *Icilius*, ſpeak?
Cai. Ye Gods! what dire Calamity has happen'd?
I never ſaw you thus diſturb'd before.
P. Num. Oh! I have reaſon! yes we all have reaſon;
But once more where's *Icilius?*
Cai. He only ſtaid to ſee the Forces March,
And then reſolv'd to poſt away to *Rome.*
P. Num. What meanſt thou?
Cai. I left the Army furling all their Standards,
And ordering all things for a ſpeedy March,
To meet the other Army on Mount *Aventine.*
P. Num. The Gods be prais'd, then *Rome's* to morrow free.
But oh! *Virginia* will be loſt to Night,
Do thou poſt back, and ſpur thy Courſer hard,
And bid *Icilius* haſt to ſave *Virginia.*
Cai. What muſt I ſay her danger is?
P. Num. Oh I want time to inform thee; I muſt fly
As faſt as theſe old feeble Limbs will let me,
And whiſper to *Virginia* what I have heard,
Our only hope now lies in gaining time.

Cai.

Cai. But I with ſpeed came here before *Icilius*
To ſummon you, *Horatius*, and *Valerius*,
To meet him an Hour hence at his own Houſe.
P. Num. To urge that meeting be thy Father's care;
From hence I'll to the Tyrant's black Tribunal,
Then find *Valerius* and *Horatius* out,
Now buſied in aſſociating our *Romans*.
T'aſſert their Country's freedom, and their own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Draws* Appius, Claudius, Virginia, Cornelia, *Attendants. Guards diſcover'd.*

App. What the Complainant urges you have heard,
She whom you call *Virginia* is his Slave,
Born of his legal Slave in his own Houſe;
From thence convey'd almoſt as ſoon as born,
At the requeſt of her reputed Mother,
Wife to *Virginius*, thence ſuppos'd her own,
And as her own brought up; this *Fulvius* urges,
And this he binds himſelf to prove as ſoon
As from Mount *Algidum Virginius* comes,
Where he commands as Præfect of a Legion,
Till he returns then ſhe remains with *Fulvius*.
Claud. With *Fulvius*?
Corn. Tyrant no!
Virg. The Gods forbid!
App. Till he appears who has right t'aſſert her Freedom,
The Slave muſt in her Maſter's Power remain,
So ſays the Law, and what that ſays is Juſtice.
Virg. That I'm a Slave can never be deny'd,
But, thanks to *Appius*, ſo is every *Roman*;
Nay *Rome* our ſacred Mother is no more,
But tho' She is now a Slave, thou found'ſt Her Free,
And I with Her had Liberty retain'd,
Had *Appius* either Gratitude or Juſtice:
But thou may'ſt find that ſtill 'tis in my Power,
To free my ſelf, and *Rome*. Oh great *Lucretia!*
Claud. Hear her! Is this the Language of a Slave?

Art

Art thou the Judge of *Rome?* Think, think, O *Appius*,
The Father will be ſent for, and conſider,
That Father once was thy moſt valued Friend,
And endleſs were thy Obligations to him.
How wilt thou bear his vaſt and boundleſs Grief,
The Grief of ſuch a Father, one ſo nice
So tender of the Honour of his Houſe,
And of his Child ſo fond, he lives in her,
He doats, and knows no joy in Life but her;
How wilt thou bear his Looks, by Nature aweful,
Now render'd terrible by mortal Wrong.
How wilt thou bear *Icilius*'s wrathful Eyes,
And the o'erflowing Torrent of his Rage?

App. I fear him not.

Claud. If not for fear, at leaſt for pity ſpare him;
For what a Grief, and what a Loſs will his be?
Let cruel *Appius* take his place a Moment,
And be the Lover of this charming Maid.

App. I her Lover!

Claud. Does that offend thee? Caſt thy Eyes around,
And view this numerous People, view them nearly,
View thy own Guards, ſee who are not her Lovers,
See how with Eyes and Hearts they all adore her.
Now take a ſtedfaſt View of her thy ſelf.
Ha! thou art ſtruck, yes by the Gods thou'rt caught,
And Love triumphant ſits upon thy Brow.

App. Mov'd, but not alter'd.

Claud. Yes, thou this Moment haſt a Heart of Fleſh,
And art not more inhumane than thy Murderers?
How can'ſt thou then reſolve the very next
To throw off Nature; be a curſed Fiend,
T'inflict a Torment which Hell never knew,
For if *Virginia*'s given to this wretch;
To be by him abandon'd to the Power
Of ſome more glorious Villain, who ſuborns him,
Who proudly thinks he has a Right t'enjoy
What e'er his fancy unconfin'd deſires,
And whoſe licentious Will's his only Law;

Conſider how thou robb'ſt her in a Moment
Of all that e'er was counted dear to Mortals,
Her Friends, Relations, Father, Lover, Country,
All loſt, and all at once!
O fathomleſs Abyſs of endleſs woe!
O infinitely miſerable Maid!

App. You've ſpoke at large, and we have heard with patience,
Nor would I here before the *Roman* People
Diſgrace the Eldeſt of the *Claudian* race!
Uninterrupted therefore have you ſpoke.
But you preſume too much on this relation,
And to diſcharge this Slave wou'd raiſe the People.
All we can do for her, and for *Virginius*,
Is to ſecure her honourable Uſage
Till his return; which here we ſtrictly promiſe.
So *Fulvius* take your Slave.

Claud. O Tyrant!

Corn. O Villain! amazing Villain!

Virg. Ye Powers who view the inmoſt Thoughts of Mortals,
What have I done to merit this?

Enter Publius Numitorius.

P. *Num.* Ha! pale and trembling, and aſtoniſh'd all.
Icilius comes, gain all the time you can,
And ſooth this impious Judge.

Virg. Lord *Appius*, I have things of higheſt moment
Of which I muſt inform you, and adjure you
To give me Audience e'er you leave the Forum. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Appius, Virginia, *Guards.*

App. Guards keep at diſtance.
What are your Commands?

Virg. Look upon me well;
Appius, thou know'ſt me not, for if thou did'ſt
Thou wou'd'ſt not, nay thou coud'ſt not uſe me thus.
Is then laſt Night ſo utterly forgot?

App.

App. No, never, never, will it be forgot.
Virg. Then by the Terrors of that dreadful Death
From which thou wert deliver'd by my Hand,
By the more dreadful Torments of the Damn'd
By which you ſwore, and which even then had ſeiz'd you,
Had not I caſt a Look of mercy on you,
Revoke this cruel and unjuſt Decree.
App. That upon you depends, for be but mine
And you're not only Free, but Great and Glorious.
Virg. You know you ask what is not in my Power,
I have already told you I'm another's.
App. Damnation light on him! What curſed charm,
What Philter has he us'd to touch thy Heart?
Virg. The Charm, the Philter, which he us'd was Love.
App. Let it be try'd by Love who beſt deſerves thee,
And he is loſt, undone.
A formal Wedlock, and an equal Dowry,
Are the dull Proofs that every Fool can give
Of a groſs vulgar Paſſion: but fond Maid,
What has he done? What has he ſuffer'd for you?
The greateſt Sacrifice that Man can make
To Woman, next to Goddeſs, is Ambition;
That darling of my Soul to you I Sacrifice,
And for the paſſing Pleaſure of a Moment
At once I venture Empire, Life, and Fame.
For well I know the act to which you force me,
Will ſoon endanger all.
Virg. I force you?
App. Yes, Cruel, to deſpair and dye you force me,
And ſhew no pity in the very Hour
When for your ſelf you ask it e'en of me.
Virg. Why do you ask ſuch things I dare not think of?
And much leſs hear?
App. He who can ſacrifice Ambition to you,
Will ſacrifice the World, and therefore know,
That all that I deſire, is Holy, Juſt;
Marriage ſhall join us by its ſacred Rites,
And you my Heart and Empire ſhall command.

Virg. Patritians ſtill muſt Marry with Patritians,
'Tis your own Law; my Father's no Patritian.
App. That Obſtacle's remov'd, he ſhall be made one,
And be with Riches and with Honours Crown'd.
Virg. Such generous Offers at the leaſt require,
That I with Freedom ſhou'd diſcloſe my Heart;
My Father, Uncle, all my Friends are Patriots,
And would diſown me, ſhould I Marry one
Who has Enſlav'd their Country and themſelves.
App. Ev'n that Impediment I will remove;
Swear thou art mine, and *Rome* this Hour is free,
To purchaſe thee I'll part with dear bought Empire,
And am content you ſhould continue Cruel
Till you behold the *Roman* People Rule,
And brave *Virginius* Tribune of the People.
Virg. Nay, then I pity thee.
App. Speak on! O Muſick that Enchants my Soul!
Riſe one Step higher, pronounce a ſofter Word.
Virg. I never can.
App. O yes, you muſt, you muſt ev'n now; I adjure you
By all that more than Human Grace that flows from you,
By the ſoft God who takes his Pow'r from you,
And in your Eyes as in his Heav'n reſides,
And by the Pow'r of Death from which you ſav'd me,
O ſave me not by halves, for ſtill I Dye!
Nay more than Dye, for I but Live to Pain,
Pain without hope, the Life the Damn'd endure:
But tho' the Damn'd ne'r hope, they never Love.
In me Deſire adds Torment to Deſpair,
But O! a Word, a Smile, a Glance from you
Has pow'r to raiſe me up from more than Death,
And turn the more than Hell I feel, to Heav'n.
Virg. O Words that might allure a worthier Maid!
Oh! *Lucius*! how thou Triumph'ſt in my Heart!
Yet grant me one thing, and we both are happy.
App. Ha! Name it, and 'tis yours.
Virg. As you to Love have Sacrific'd Ambition;

Oh Make another yet more noble Sacrifice,
And to your Reaſon, offer up your Love.
App. Is that in *Appius* power?
Virg. Not in your pow'r.
App. No, can a feeble Mortal reſiſt Heav'n?
The Gods, the Gods, ferment this mad Deſire.
Virg. Make not the Gods the Authors of your Crimes,
They gave you reaſon to ſubdue your Paſſions.
App. Yes, all but thoſe that from themſelves are ſent;
But they come ruſhing with reſiſtleſs fury,
While reaſon to Divinity gives way.
I hate my ſelf for this deteſted Paſſion;
And my Heart bleeds within my Breaſt for thee,
O thou Divineſt, and thou beſt of Maids,
And thou moſt wretched, I could Die to ſave thee;
Yet I, I ruine thee, for I muſt on;
Yes, I am goaded on by Mortal ſtings.
O I am ſtung to Madneſs! O Damnnation!
All Hell, all Hell, is in my burning Entrails,
I'll bear no more, I muſt, I will have eaſe.
Look down, look down, whatever God thou art,
Who driv'ſt poor *Appius* on to his ſad Fate,
Behold ev'n now, thy cruel Will obey'd.
Virg. O Heav'n! his ſparkling bloody Eyes look wild,
Look terrible. Now, now ye Powers aſſiſt me.
App. Now ſpeak for the laſt time, will you be mine?
Will you, the Daughter of the brave *Virginius*,
To *Rome* and Glory, Sacrifice your Paſſion?
Virg. You ask me e'n to Sacrifice my Virtue;
And that muſt laſt when *Rome* ſhall be no more.
App. If Coy Denial is the Womans virtue,
Then vigorous Force muſt be the manly Lover's,
The Virtue of a Heroe and a God:
By my great Soul, ſpight of fantaſtick Pride,
Or more fantaſtick Love, I will poſſeſs thee;
Poſſeſs thee as our *Romulus Herſilia*;
Or greater *Mars* did *Romulus*'s Mother:

Why

Why ſhou'd a Monarch ſhrink from ſuch a deed
As was the glorious Fountain of his Empire?
Virg. I'll hear no more.
App. Here *Fulvius* take your Slave.
Virg. Villain, approach me not.
Thus Fate from cruel Fortune ſets me free
Ah Gods! My *Lucius* with his Friends appears, [*Shout.*
Now Love and Life for me, and for Thee Tyrant this. [*Throws the Dagger at him.*
App. Ha!
He comes indeed, and with a potent Guard;
And ſhall he tear her from me then at laſt?
Oh no! confuſion no! Fly, *Fulvius*, fly,
Fly for thy Patron's Life and for thy own,
And bring the Cohort quickly to my aid,
That now keeps Guard upon the Mount of *Jove.*
Ful. I fly. [*Exit.*

SCENE. V.

Enter L. Icilius, M. Icilius, Cornelia, Horatius, Val. P. Num. *and* C. Num. *Guards.*

Virg. My *Lucius*!
L. Icil. My Soul!
Virg. My Life!
Oh never, never let us part again!
L. Icil. No, only Death ſhall ever part us more.
App. Confuſion! How they cleave to one another!
How their tranſported Souls before my Face,
Meet at their burning Eyes, their humid Lips;
How thirſtily he drinks her balmy Breath,
As he could quench his Feaver with the draught.
Oh the tormenting ſight! Ho, Guards divide them.
Icil. He who comes near us, comes upon his Death.
Curſe on your idle Bugbears made for ſhew;
Do you think to frighten Men with empty Scarecrows?
No, if thou would'ſt divide us, come thy ſelf;

Compleat the number of thy monſtrous Crimes,
And find the Vengeance of the Gods in me.
App. How dar'ſt thou thus audaciouſly to threat
The chief of all the *Roman* Magiſtrates,
Ev'n while the Rods and Axes are in view?
L. Icil. Retire, my Life, a while with good *Cornelia*, [*Exeunt*
And at thy Father's Houſe expect me ſoon. Virginia, Cornelia.
Now, how dar'ſt thou who art no Magiſtrate,
Thy time of Legal Sway being long expir'd,
Threat thy Superiours with the Rods and Axes?
App. My Superiours!
L. Icil. Yes, every honeſt *Roman*'s thy Superiour.
App. By Hell I'll puniſh this audacious Inſolence.
L. Icil. No, ſooner dar'ſt thou leap a precipice,
Thou and thy Coward Inſtruments of Cruelty:
Think not to fright us with thy Bluſtring Pride,
For thou art only proud becauſe thou 'rt mad:
What haſt thou to exalt thee but thy Crimes?
And Crimes at which a Man endu'd with Reaſon
Would Bluſh, and hide his Ignominious Head.
Yes, thou art Proud becauſe thou art a Tyrant,
That is the moſt Deteſted thing in Nature:
Proud that thou art choſen by the Angry Gods
To be the Scourge of *Rome*, without reflecting,
That could thoſe Gods have found one worſe than thee,
They would have choſen him.
Val. To ſhew that thou wert rais'd by Wrath Divine,
The Burning Peſtilence foreran thy Sway.
Hor. And War and Famine were its dire Attendants.
L. Icil. Yet has thy Cruelty been more deſtructive
Than War, Plague, Famine, that in triple League
Joyn'd their Confed'rate Horrors; nay, what's worſe,
While thou haſt been a moſt Indulgent Foe,
Witneſs the *Sabines* and the Inſulting *Æqui*,
Moſt Barbarous haſt thou been to thy beſt Friends;
Firſt to the *Roman* People, thy Creators,
Whom thou haſt vex'd with every vile Oppreſſion,

Next to old brave *Virginius* and to me,
At whoſe requeſt th' Aſſembled People choſe thee:
Then to his Daughter, who but the laſt Night
Preſerv'd thee tottering on the Brink of Fate,
When twenty Souls reſolv'd had Vow'd thy Death,
And twenty Daggers trembled at thy Heart.

App. Ha! for a Knowledge of the Men who bore them?

L. Icil. One of them I'll diſcover to thee inſtantly,
And of the Foremoſt, and the Boldeſt one.

App. You dare not.

L. Icil. Tyrant, I dare, I will.

App. His Name?

L. Icil. Oh! That his Name we reFatal as his Arm,
And with the very Sound could ſtrike thee Dead;
Thus would I thunder in thy Ears *Icilius*.

App. Ha! Traytor?

L. Icil. He's, He's the Traytor,
Who has broke all Truſt with Earth, all Oaths with Heaven;
And laugh'd at the vain Gods, by which he ſwore.

App. Thou ſhalt die for it.

Val. We'll die with *Lucius* all.

App. Perhaps ye may, perhaps ye all deſerve it;
Perhaps ye all are guilty equally.

All. All, all guilty equally.

App. Why then ye all ſhall die, here ſeize them Guards.

All. Let them come on.

Val. Yes, let them come, and the firſt Man who ſtirs——
Let's all at once upon the Tyrant ruſh,
And tear his Heart from his accurſed Boſom.

L. Icil. Let us prevent them, ruſh upon them all,
And kill the Tyrant and his Guards together,
And ſhew our ſelves the Sons of our brave Fathers:
Oh *Mutius!* where's thy God-like Spirit now?
Could'ſt thou inſpir'd by Love for *Rome* and Glory,
Alone attack *Porſenna* midſt his Army?
And ſhall not we, to whom great *Jove* has given
Spirit to aſſert his own Majeſtick Cauſe,

Which is the Cauſe of Liberty and *Rome*,
Dare to aſſault this Traytor to them both,
Defended only by twelve Scarlet Rogues.?
App. Down, Swelling Heart! Repreſs thy mighty Rage,
Till *Fulvius* brings the Cohort to thy Aid;
And then thou ſhal't be gorg'd with dire Revenge.
By Heaven he comes! with haſty Steps he comes,
And with him my Deliverers.
Hold, will ye turn baſe Aſſaſſines at laſt?
L. Icil. To Aſſaſſinate, belongs to *Appius* only:
Hark how *Dentatus* Blood cryes out for Vengeance!
Since thou haſt Baniſh'd written Law from *Rome*,
We come the Miniſters of Natures Law,
Th' Executors of *Jove*'s eternal Will;
To puniſh thee a Tyrant and a Mutherer,
The Publick Foe of *Rome* and of Mankind.
Val. Let's Sacrifice him ſtrait to great Revenge!
Hor. To *Rome*.
C. Num. To Liberty.
L. Icil. Vengeance and Death arm every Hand! fall on.
All. Fall on, fall on.
L. Icil. What's this I ſee? O Murd'ring diſappointment!
App. What? do you recoil, and ſhun the Gods you invoke?
Vengeance and Death you ſee advance to meet you,
Vengeance and Death are Miniſters of Fate,
And 'tis the Frown of *Appius* that is Fate.
Oh! have I calm'd this Tempeſt of your Souls!
Here ſeize them! Nay, reſiſtance is in vain:
A hundred Hands are arm'd againſt your Lives.
Twice in the ſpace of one reſolving Sun
Ye baſely have attempted on my Life,
What Mercy then can ye expect or hope?
L. Icil. Mercy from Thee!
Val. How we diſdain the Thought:
Hor. What! owe our Lives to Thee!
L. Icil. To *Jove* alone we'll owe them,
Jove will protect theſe Sacred Walls and us.

M. Icil.

M. *Icil.* Or will Revenge us, and will Puniſh thee.
The Army is in a full March from *Algidum*,
Eager and Furious to depoſe thee, *Appius*,
And in two Hours the foremoſt will be here.

App. You think to fright me: Grant that this were true,
My Empire ſtill exceeds thy ſhorter Date,
Thou ſhalt not live an Hour; away with them,
And give the Prefect of the Priſon charge
That all things be got ready for their Deaths;
Half of you Guard them to the Priſon Gates,
The reſt to Old *Virginia*'s Houſe muſt haſte,
And bring the Slave that's call'd his Daughter hither.

[*Exeunt all, but* Appius *and* Fulvius *Guards.*

App. I'll go my ſelf, and order four more Cohorts,
T' encompaſs at ſome diſtance this Tribunal:
For firſt I will make ſure of my *Virginia*,
Then cruſh theſe Dogs who have ſeduc'd the Legion,
And rais'd the Spirit of the Clam'rous Croud;
Nor leave, till Bleeding Faction Headleſs lyes,
And Groveling and Expiring.

My Love I'll ſatiate, my Revenge I'll cloy;
With more than Mortal Pleaſure I'll enjoy:
And ſwift as a Revenging God deſtroy. [*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Priſon.*

Horatius, Valerius, L. Icilius, M. Icilius, P. Num. C. Num.

P. N. As ſpeedily as certainly we die,
The Inſtruments of Blood are now preparing;
The Tyrant is determin'd.
Hor. The Eternal Plagues reward him.
Val. I will not curſe but ſcorn him.
L. Icil. He cannot make us die unlike our ſelves;
No, equal to our Lives ſhall be our Deaths:
Our Lives and Deaths, both worthy of the Men
Who know that they were only Born t'advance
The great deſign of Deſtiny and *Jove*;
Which is to make *Rome* Miſtreſs of the Univerſe?
M. Icil. But two Hours more and we had ſeen her free.
L. Icil. We wrought her Freedom tho' we ſee it not,
And all Poſterity ſhall ſpeak of us,
As of her great Deliverers.
Val. Then let the Inſtruments of Fate come on,
Since 'tis as natural to die as live;
The buſineſs is not when, but how we die:
Death's but a Scarecrow which the Gods have plac'd
To fright weak Men from taſting Immortality;
Then Death and *Appius* we alike defie.
All. Yes, Death and *Appius* we alike defie.
L. Icil. O! Roman Spirits in this low Eſtate,
Fearleſs of Death, as Gods, whom Fate ſecures,
Sure they who have the God-like force of Mind
To ſcorn him thus, alone ought ne'r to feel him:
But yet it grieves my Soul that I muſt leave
My Dear *Virginia* in this dreadful Hour.
Yet with a dauntleſs Brow I'll meet my Fate:

But

But oh! that I could killing *Appius* Die,
At once Triumphing over him and Death;
Lucius Icilius would commence Immortal,
By ſuch Revenge as Gods are pleas'd to act.
But who comes here? who ſhould come here but Death?
One of the Tyrant's Inſtruments of Blood.
Ha! *Claudius!*

Enter Claudius.

P. N. Claudius! Amazement! How got you admittance?
When 'tis the Cruel Tyrant's ſtrict Command,
To let no Friends come near us.
Claud. The Prefect of this Priſon was my Slave,
By me firſt manumitted, then prefer'd
To *Appius* when he firſt was made *Decemvir*,
Who through a grateful Senſe of what he owes me,
And on my Oath to ſtand 'twixt him and Danger,
And on his knowledge of the Army's March,
Has ventur'd to oblige me.
They ſay the Tyrant Dooms you all to dye,
To know the truth of that report I come.
P. N. He juſt has given us notice to prepare for't.
Claud. Now by yon Heaven, he's mad as are the Winds,
When for the Empire of the Main they ſtrive.
L. Icil. Of Life or Death, I have no time t' enquire,
For my *Virginia* takes up all my Soul.
Claud. Juſt now I from the *Roman Forum* come,
Where I have ſeen a Sight.
L. Icil. Speak on!
My Soul is rapt in dreadful expectation,
And liſtens to thee, as if Fate were ſpeaking.
Claud. Lucius I know thee Manly, Brave, Intrepid,
One of *Rome*'s Nobleſt Offspring:
Yet have I ſeen a Sight, I dare not tell thee,
Thou can'ſt not bear the hearing.

L. Icil. By this thou tell'ſt me much, but yet ſay on,
And I will bear it all with dauntleſs Courage.
Claud. Then hear what I who ſaw it ſcarce believe,
Againſt plain Proofs of Reaſon, nay of Senſe;
Virginia is adjudg'd a Slave to *Fulvius*.
L. Icil: Ye Furies that have ſeiz'd my labr'ing Soul
Be ſtill but for a moment.
Claud. Which Lawleſs practice when I cou'd not bear,
But vehemently and bitterly reprov'd;
And with a Spirit all inflam'd, foretold
The diſmal Conſequence. (Oh! all ye Gods!
Who cou'd Serenely ſee th'unnatural Deed.)
I by the Tyrant's order ſtraight was dragg'd ——
L. I. You?
Claud. Yes I, his Unkle, eldeſt of his Houſe,
Was by his order Infamouſly dragg'd,
Both from the Court and *Forum*.
L. I. For which, thou ſoon wilt ſee the Villain dragg'd
To the opprobrious Rock, and thrown from thence,
As one whom Nature and Mankind caſts out.
Hor. His Cruelty's come home to his own Houſe,
And he himſelf muſt ſuffer by it next.
L. I. But was *Virginius* there?
Claud. Juſt then arriv'd:
After this baſe affront to my old Age,
The Tyrant now ſhall take my Life, my Burden:
So hearing of the Doom that's paſt on you,
With you to live and dye, reſolv'd I come.
P. N. We in this place are like to be o'erheard,
But yonder's an Apartment of this Priſon
That's more retir'd, more gloomy, and more diſmal,
And fit to talk of Fate. [*Exeunt.*]

Lucius Icilius Solus.

They're gone! and with them all my tow'ring Pride,
And with my Pride my boaſted Conſtancy,

And

And I am now become like vulgar Minds;
Oh! I am ſofter, weaker than a Woman,
When I reflect on my *Virginia's* Wrongs,
While I the moſt undone and loſt of Men,
Want power to help her in this dire Neceſſity.
Nay, but the following Moment I muſt dye,
And leave her to the Cruel Tyrant's Rage.
Leave her to what? Death and eternal Darkneſs
Come ſeize me ſtraight, and hide me from that thought!
Ha!
What noiſe is that? bleſs me! what dreadful noiſe?
Ah Gods! there Fate is at it's Bloody work,
Horatius and *Valerius* cry aloud,
And *Marcus* now is vehement and high,
And *Publius* too, and *Caius!* hark! Confuſion!
Their laſt expiring Groans are in my Ears.
Genius of *Rome* I come, nor will ſurvive
Thy Nobleſt Sons; do thou, do thou protect
My deareſt part which I muſt leave behind,
Ye Gods be Guardians to the poor *Virginia.* [*Exit.*

SCENE *Draws.*

Appius, Virginius, Virginia, Fulvius, *Guards diſcover'd.*

App. What is not Sentence paſt? I'll hear no more.
Virg. Oh! *Appius!* I have hitherto had patience,
Under what mighty Grief great *Jove* can tell,
But when Injuſtice rages at its height,
Ev'n Gods can bear no more, much leſs can Mortals.
But oh! beware the Fury of a Man
Who much and long can bear.
App. What is it thou dar'ſt do?
Virg. Go ask the *Sabines*, *Volſci*, and the *Æqui*;
They will with Groans tell what *Virginius* dares:
Or if thou woud'ſt thy ſelf be an Eye-witneſs,
See where the Foes of *Rome*, with their rude Hands
Have writ my bold Exploits.

The Wounds thou ſee'ſt upon my mangled Breaſt,
In the defence of *Rome* I got, to ſave
The ſpotleſs Honour of each *Roman* Daughter;
Think'ſt thou I dare not then defend my own?

App. Defend her! where's your power?

Virg. Since Right is mine, the Power of *Jove* is mine;
For that's concern'd to vindicate his Juſtice.

App. That ſhall be quickly try'd, what, *Fulvius!* Hoa!

Virg. Villain ſtand off! or certain Death attends thee.
Appius, if thour't a Man, thou wilt deſiſt,
Or mighty *Jove*, reſolv'd on thy deſtruction,
Degrades thee, to prepare thee for thy Fate,
And takes his Sacred Image Reaſon from thee.
Therefore thou ſee'ſt not that thou tott'ring ſtand'ſt
Upon a Ghaſtful Precipice's brink,
While Hell beneath thee yawns for thy reception.

App. Tho' Hell it ſelf ſhou'd from the Center burſt
And blaſt the Day, I'd not be ſcar'd from Juſtice.

Virg. From Juſtice! O Blaſphemer!
O Impious mock of a moſt Sacred Name!
Hear it ye dreadful Judges of the Damn'd,
And in your Adamantine Books record it;
That when from the *Tarpeian* Rock he plunges,
To loweſt Hell, he may have diſmal Juſtice.

[Appius *deſcends from his Tribunal.*

App. Fulvius, Command the Guards to keep at diſtance,
And let *Virginia* with reſpect be treated:
Hear me *Virginius*! thou wer't once my Friend,
My lov'd, and valu'd, beſt, and kindeſt Friend;
Of all our *Romans* thee I moſt eſteem'd,
And I rever'd and lov'd thy God-like Vertue.
I ſee thou art diſturb'd, and the juſt Grief
Of one who once was to my Breaſt ſo dear,
Has touch'd my Soul, obliging me to tell thee,
There ſtill is one way left to ſave thy Daughter.

Virg. Name it!

App. Perſuade her to be mine, by Marriage mine.

Virg. Thou know'ſt ſhe's Contracted to *Icilius*.

App. My

App. My Rival's dead!
Virg. Dead!
App. *Icilius* and his Brother both are dead,
Thy Brother *Numitorius* and his Son;
And thoſe two publick Fools, *Horatius* and *Valerius*.
Virg. Is't poſſible?
App. I gave my Orders upon pain of Death;
And paſſing by the Priſon Gates my ſelf,
I heard their dying Groans.
Virg. *Icilius* Murder'd! and muſt I perſuade
My Daughter to eſpouſe his Murderer?
The Murderer of her Husband, Couſin, Unkle;
And thoſe two beſt and braveſt of the *Romans*,
Illuſtrious Patriots, *Horace*, and *Valerius*!
If being guilty of ſuch Infamy
Wou'd ſave the World from Ruin, it ſhou'd periſh.
App. My time is precious, and brooks no delay,
For this laſt time I leave thee with thy Daughter.
Hoa! *Fulvius!* let your Slave be left a while
With her reputed Father:
Short is the time allow'd thee, uſe it well;
Either prevail upon her to be mine,
Or thou ſhalt dye; and what thou wilt not grant
By boundleſs Power I'll take. *Fulvius!*
Ful. My Lord!
App. If this diſdainful Beauty don't comply
In half an hour at furtheſt, let her Father
Be hurry'd to his Fate in the ſame Priſon
Where the *Horatii* and the reſt expir'd:
And bring the Daughter home to thy own Houſe,
Aptly adjacent to the *Roman* Forum;
Whither with utmoſt ſecrecy I'll go,
Attended with two faithful Servants only,
My Guards I leave with thee, ho! Guards, attend
On *Fulvius*, and on pain of Death obey him. [*Exeunt.*

Manent

Manent Virginius, Virginia.

Virg. Ah poor *Virginia!* we muſt part *Virginia.*
Vir. You part from your *Virginia!*
And am I not your Daughter then at laſt?
Your dear! your valued! tho' your wretched Daughter:
Yes, by th'unequall'd Honour which I bear you,
And by that mighty Grief, which kills my Heart
Within my Breaſt, but at the name of parting,
I find I am your Daughter.
Virg. And let my Grief, and all the dreadful Paſſions
That rend my miſerable Heart aſunder;
Let thoſe aſſure thee, that I am thy Father.
Vir. Then while I live you will not leave me ſure;
You cannot leave me to the Tyrant's fury;
Nay, muſt not, ſhall not, ſtill there is a way
By which I may avoid it.
Virg. There is indeed, and he himſelf propos'd it,
But ſuch a way——
How much below thy Honour and my own!
'Tis in thy choice, to be the Tyrant's Wife.
Vir. No, *Lucius*, I am faithful ſtill to thee,
Tho' thou art abſent from thy dying Bride.
Virg. Of him, as of thy Lover, think no more.
Vir. Not think of him?
Virg. He has for ever left us.
Vir. He leave us! lie! no, he was ever true,
And ever kind, and bears a God-like mind;
He wou'd not leave the loſt *Virginia* ſure.
Virg. Thou of *Icilius* judgeſt as thou ought'ſt,
No faith, no truth, cou'd ever equal his;
But oh! thy tender and thy faithful Lover,
The pride and flower of *Romans* is no more.
Vir. Oh Earth and Heaven! my *Lucius* then is dead.
Virg. Ay, murder'd.
Vir. Ah murder'd!

Virg.

Virg. Yes, by the moſt inhumane Tyrant murder'd;
The Fate thy Father is to undergo,
As ſoon as e'r he leaves thee.
Vir. Ah Gods! my Father too! O horrour! horrour!
Lucius is dead, my Father too is dying,
And can *Virginia* live?
Virg. What, can thy tender Spirit think of dying?
Can'ſt thou relinquiſh all the Sweets of Life?
Vir. Death has rob'd Life of all that it had ſweet,
To make himſelf inviting.
Virg. Yes, to preſerve thy Vertue pure and ſpotleſs,
Oh! that a Father ſhou'd pronounce that doom,
Thou darling of my Soul thou need'ſt muſt dye.
Vir. Then ſtrike, I am prepar'd.
Virg. What haſt thou ſaid? Is that a Father's office?
Thou mak'ſt a fearful horrible requeſt
Which Heaven forbids, and Nature ſtarts to hear.
Vir. Law is the Sacred Child of Heaven and Nature,
And *Roman* Law gives *Roman* Parents power
At pleaſure to reſume that Life they gave.
Virg. Yes, to reſume it from their wicked Children;
Thy Vertue's abſolute, as is thy Beauty,
And thou, who juſtly wer't before eſteem'd
The moſt Accompliſh'd of our *Roman* Virgins,
Haſt now diſcover'd new amazing Vertues:
And can thy wretched Father give thee Death?
When he admires thee moſt, when his fond Heart
Diſſolves with tenderneſs, and breaks with woe:
Not *Jove* was fonder of his own Creation,
When it appear'd ſo wondrous good and fair.
Vir. Vertue and *Jove* himſelf cry out aloud to you,
To free my Soul, and to ſecure my Vertue;
Since 'tis impoſſible to live with honour,
Th' immortal Gods have ſummon'd me to dye.
Virg. O greatneſs, worthy *Rome*, and worthy me!
O! Thou'rt the perfect Image of my Soul,
And all our Gods as well as I confeſs thee:

Now

Now by yon Heaven my Soul is all on Fire!
O! thou haſt rouz'd it to Immortal Greatneſs,
And my Breaſt teems with ſome prodigious Birth:
And thou dread God —
Whatever God thou art, who command'ſt Nature,
And forceſt her to Deeds ſhe moſt abhors,
Aſſiſt me with thy dreadful Spirit now;
Recoil thou Sun, as at the Feaſt of *Atreus*,
And hide the World in univerſal Darkneſs;
That neither Heaven, nor Earth, nor Gods, nor Men,
May ſee a Deed that will amaze the Univerſe.
My Soul! my Soul! oh what art thou about?
Strike me with Madneſs, ſome propitious Power,
That I may loſe all thought, and all remembrance,
And never know what my curſt Hand performs:
And thou great *Jove*, who gav'ſt me my *Virginia*,
Thy beſt, thy nobleſt, thy divineſt Gift;
Pure as thy Heaven thou ſent'ſt her down to me,
Spotleſs as Heaven receive her now again.
And thus in ſpight of the mad Tyrant's Rage;
Oh! thus thy Father vindicates thy Freedom,
And thus ſecures thy Vertue; Tyrant, Tyrant,
Thus with the ſprinkling of this ſacred Blood,
I conſecrate thee to the Infernal Powers.

Vir. I'm Free;
And *Rome* that will it's Freedom owe to me,
Upon the Wings of her victorious Eagles
Shall through all Times and Places bear my Vertue:
I die a *Roman* now, and die your Daughter,
And worthy of *Icilius* who expects me. [*Dies.*

Virg. Tell him that ſoon he may expect thy Father;
Or rather tell him I expect him here;
Bid him ariſe, and bring Revenge to day
From it's Infernal Manſion.

Enter

Enter Fulvius.

Ful. What haſt thou done?
So black a Deed not Hell it ſelf e'er ſaw.
Virg. Then Villain hye to Hell, and tell the damn'd [*Kills*
Here's one on Earth that has outdone them all: *him.*
And now the amazing Vengeance is begun,
And now the Regions of pale Ghoſts are mov'd;
I hear, I hear, th' Infernal Thunder roar,
And dire Revenge the dreadful Larum takes;
And with a baleful Equipage aſcends,
A thouſand bleeding Ghoſts by *Appius* murder'd,
And at their Head th' invincible *Dentatus*,
Valerius, *Horace*, and the *Numitorii*;
But above all the fierce *Icilius* rages,
And breaths Deſtruction to the bloody *Appius*.
Ha! Either reaſon now gives place to madneſs,
Or I in very deed behold him yonder;
O Heaven and Earth! 'tis he, 'tis he himſelf,
And I grow ſtiff with horror and amazement.

Enter Attendants, L. Icilius.

L: Icil. Here are the Villains, Bloodhounds, ſeize them all.
My Father!
Virg. Art thou *Icilius*?
L. Icil. Where is *Virginia*? Is ſhe ſafe from *Appius*?
Virg. She is ſafe from *Appius*'s power.
L. Icil. Where is the Tyrant?
Virg. Each moment I expect him.
L. Icil. But why this grief? this horror? this amazement?
Virg. They told me thou wert murder'd,
Thou and the reſt of our Illuſtrious Friends.
L. Icil. Why yes, the Tyrant had deſign'd it well.
Virg. Nay *Appius* ſays he heard their dying groans.

L. Icil. I thought my ſelf I heard the reſt expiring,
As in the next Apartment of the Priſon,
I was lamenting my *Virginia*'s danger;
But flying to their aid, I quickly found
Their murderers were dying, and not they.
The Præfect of the Priſon gain'd by *Claudius*,
Had given them Weapons; and I found 'em fighting,
With that Succeſs that nought was left for me.
But can *Virginius* hear of our deliverance
And yet retain his Grief, when his Friends ſafety
Is follow'd by the Liberty of *Rome*.

Virg. The Libetty of *Rome?*

L. Icil. The everlaſting Liberty of *Rome!*
Horatius and *Valerius* have conven'd
The *Senate*, who in full Aſſembly Vote,
The Abolition of the curſt *Decemvirate*.
Your Brother *Numitorius* and his Son
Have part by Promiſes, and part by Threats,
Prevail'd upon the Forces left at *Rome*
To abandon *Appius*; and my Brother *Marcus*
Joyns the tempeſtuous Legions from *Fidena*,
That now are entring *Rome* with furious March
To joyn the other Army.
I have Aſſembled here the raging People
To reſcue my *Virginia* from her danger,
And cruſh the Impious Tyrant.

Virg. O! wou'd th' avenging Thunderbolt of *Jove*
Fall down amain on this devoted Head,
And drive me headlong to th' Infernal Powers.

L. Icil. Ha! Why theſe ſtarts? this horror, and this trembling!
Where is *Virginia?*

Virg. My *Lucius*! be adviſ'd by one who loves thee,
Fate has made thee the God-like Inſtrument
Of raiſing up thy Country from a State
Of wretchedneſs to Liberty and Glory.
Let *Rome* and Glory be henceforth thy Miſtreſs,
And never think of thy *Virginia* more.

L. Icil.

L. Icil. Damnation! There has mighty miſchief happen'd,
And I can bear no more; where is *Virginia?*
Virg. Art thou prepar'd to taſte Infernal Horrors?
L. Icil. Even for the worſt of Fates I am prepar'd.
Virg. If you dar'ſt ſee a ſight will blaſt thy Eyes,
Look there, and ſee where poor *Virginia* was.
L. Icil. Hah! where ſhe was indeed,
Ay! here's the dreadful Thunderbolt of Fate,
That drives the loſt *Icilius* to the Grave.
She's gone, for ever gone, the King of Terrors
Lays his rude Hand upon her lovely Limbs,
And blaſts her Beauties with his Icy Breath.
The cruel Gods but let her juſt appear;
Juſt ſent her down from Heaven to ſhew the Earth
There are Diviner forms, more perfect Beauties,
Than we frail Mortals uſe t'admire below;
Then greedily they ſnatch'd her to themſelves,
As too Divine to be enjoy'd by Man.
Virg. Oh *Lucius! Lucius!*
L. Icil. Oh my Father!
But for one Hour I will have Truce with woe,
And Vengeance in my Soul ſhall take its room.
Virg. Wilt thou Revenge her?
L. Icil. Will I revenge her? yes, at ſuch a rate,
That even the World's laſt Age ſhall hear and
Tremble.
Where is the Wretch who did the dreadful Deed?
Virg. Then Swear as ſoon as ee'r he's in thy power
Thou'lt ſtrike thy Dagger to his Impious Heart.
L. Icil. Then by the Soul of that departed Dear one,
Who hov'ring in the mournful Air attends me,
I Swear that I, that only I will kill him:
As I could bear no Rival in my Love,
So no one in the dear Revenge ſhall ſhare.
Virg. Then ſtrike!
L. Icil. Ha! where?
Virg. Here.

L. Icil. What haſt thou ſaid? O wretched, wretched Man!
Diſaſtrous Beauty! execrable Tyrant!
And Oh! the woful Father's dire neceſſity!
Virg. Why doſt thou ſtand Tormenting a loſt Wretch?
Why haſt thou not already pierc'd my Heart?
L. Icil. No,
You held the Dagger, *Appius* ſtruck the blow,
And he's the Viſitant that Hell expects.
Where is the Tyrant?
Virg. At *Fulvius*'s Houſe that Borders on this *Forum*,
To which he privately retir'd, to which
He order'd that dead Dog to bring *Virginia*;
Unleſs ſhe wou'd conſent to be his Wife.
L. Icil. Damn'd, Damn'd Villain!
Virg. I who was near him overheard that Order,
Which urg'd *Virginia*'s miſerable Fate.
L. Icil. Then he is wholly ignorant of her Death.
Virg. He yet can nothing know of what has paſt.
L. Icil. Now by th' Avenging Furies here he comes:
Virg. Attended as he went by only two;
Let us diſpatch him inſtantly.
L. Icil. No, hold!
Reſpect the Oath I've taken, and Retire.
Virg. Farewel! th' accurſt *Virginius* will retire,
But to the place from whence there's no return;
My poor *Virginia* was the only tye
That held me faſt to Life; but ſhe is gone,
And pulls her Father after her. [*Exit.*
L. I. To ſome ſmall diſtance you my Friends withdraw,
For I wou'd take the Villain in his height;
Yes, in the height of his preſumptuous Pride,
And in the foam of all his bluſtering Rage.
And when he's moſt ſecure, and higheſt ſoars,
Than daſh him from his Mountains heap'd on Mountains,
And from his affectation of Divinity,
Down, down, to the Abyſs; but daſh him ſo
That he may feel the blow, and Dye blaſpheming:

Humble

Humble his Pride, extinguiſh his mad rage,
And kill the Tyrant firſt, and then the Man.

Enter Appius.

L. I. So the baſe Murderer ſtarts when he beholds
The fearful Spectre of the Man he Murder'd.
App. Perdition light upon thee! is it thou?
Know that I ſtarted out of Hate, not Fear,
As from an odious thing that ſhocks my Nature.
L. I. Yes, by a ſure Preſage, becauſe ſhe knows
That I am ſent by Fate for her Deſtruction.
But e'er thou dy'ſt, I'll make thee feel thy Death;
Which that thou may'ſt, I'll ſhew thee here a Sight,
That will at once aſtoniſh thee, and grieve thee: [*Shews him*
Behold one Murder done without thy knowledge! Fulvius.
App. Haſt thou done this? and hop'ſt t' eſcape unpuniſh'd?
L. I. Has this provok'd thee?
See then another that will make thee rave, [*Shews him*
And howl and tear thy very Fleſh for rage. Virginia.
App. May Lightning blaſt thee, thou haſt baſely done this,
Becauſe thou had'ſt no other way to rend her from me.
But by th' immortal, boundleſs Love I bore her,
I will revenge her, and her Murderer dies.
L. I. Thou rav'ſt,
Thy Inſtruments of Miſchief all have left thee.
App. No matter, thou and all the World ſhall ſee,
Appius to kill thee, wants no help but *Appius*.
L. I. Now thou ſhalt ſee what help *Icilius* needs,
And what a hideous change one Hour has made
In thy moſt abject Fortunes; thou art loſt,
While thou wer't brooding o'er thy Beſtial Luſt,
And ſhunning like a Bird obſcene the Day.
The Legions of both Armies have deſerted thee,
The Senate have declar'd thy Empire void,
Thy own Flagitious Troops have left thee Naked;
Left thee their Scorn and utter Deteſtation.

The

The People raging like the Stormy Main,
Aloud for thy immediate Ruin roar.
See where in waving Crouds they all ſurround thee,
And at the ſmalleſt Signal that I give,
Will like an Inundation pour upon thee.
But yet becauſe 'twill pleaſe *Virginia*'s Ghoſt,
That thou ſhoud'ſt Dye by her *Icilius* hand,
And I have Sworn that only I will Kill thee,
To Single Mortal Combat I defie thee.
Yes, I will kill thy Pride before thy Perſon;
And thou ſhalt dye Convicted, thour't ſo far
From being worthy to Command the *Romans*,
That thour't not equal to the meaneſt *Roman*:
No, I, the meaneſt of the Sons of *Rome*,
Have Power from Nature and from Fate above thee;
Have Power to take thy Life and Empire from thee.

App. Back in thy Face I throw thy bold defiance,
Firmly reſolv'd to Kill thee or to Dye:
Know next my Ardor to poſſeſs *Virginia*,
My eager'ſt wiſh has been to Cope with thee:
And let unequal Gods and partial Fortune,
Diſpoſe of my uncertain Life and Empire
As it ſeems good to them; I'll make them know
Th' Immortal Greatneſs of my Mind's my own.
If I do fall by thy moſt hateful Hand,
I'll fall like *Appius* ſtill, with ſuch a Look,
With ſuch a Voice, with ſuch a dauntleſs Mind,
That Gods and Men, and thou thy ſelf ſhalt own,
Spite of thy Malice, I was Born for Empire;
And that the Man who dar'd like me to Die,
Deſerv'd to live to Lord it over thee,
And over all the *Romans*.

L. I. This is the Language of thy Pride thy Frenzy,
But Bleeding ſoon will bring thee to thy ſelf.
Thou hov'ring Soul of my ador'd *Virginia*,
And thou Immortal Liberty look down,
Behold the dreadful Vengeance that I take.

App. Thy

App. Thy Deities are abſent, mine are here,
My vaſt Ambition and my own Right Hand,
The only Gods that *Appius* will invoke.
L. I. Then periſh *Appius*, and his Gods together. [*Fight,*
Now where's thy Pride, thy Rage, and thy Appius *falls.*
Preſumption?
Now where's the Look, the Voice, the dauntleſs Mind,
That Gods and Men ſhould ſay deſerv'd an Empire?
They're gone, and in their Doom is diſmal Horror,
Trouble, Deſpair, Diſtraction and Amazement!
That hideous Mein that's fit to welcome Hell,
That paſſes its Eternal Bounds to meet thee.
Be gone thou Loyterer, diſpatch, deſcend,
Take that for brave *Dentatus*, that for *Rome*;
And this, and this, for my moſt wrong'd *Virginia*.
Ah! in that Groan he comes, Immortal *Radamanthus*
The Tyrant comes, prepare him a reception
Which Hell nee'r ſaw before: Attend ye Furies,
Attend ye Screaming Ghoſts of Murder'd *Romans*;
Behold! your Judge now Sentenc'd in his Turn,
And doom'd to Pains at which the Damn'd will tremble,
And take their own for Joys.

Enter M. Icilius.

M. I. My Brother!
L. I. Oh *Marcus!* Oh my Brother!
Thou art a Stranger to what Fate has done.
M. I. No, as I came, I met the raving Father,
Who in three Words has told a ſadder Tale,
Than all the long Records of time can parallel.
Which made me Fly on all the Wings of Fear,
Leſt Grief might hurry thee to ſomething Fatal,
Below the greatneſs of thy Mind and Name.
L. I. No *Marcus*, no my Brother,
The greatneſs of my Love and of my Grief,
Not by unmanly Moan or black Deſpair,

But

But by unparallel'd Revenge I'll ſhew,
Look there.

M. I. The Tyrant here extended at his length,
And Slain by thee! It was a God-like Act.

L. I. That's not enough, for all the Ten muſt Bleed,
And all their chief Accomplices muſt fall.

M. I. Come to Mount *Aventine*, and thou ſhalt ſee
Revenge in all her Pomp, and all her Fury,
Where ſhe impatiently expects thee *Lucius*.
For there the People and the Legions mingled,
Shew the delighted and the wond'ring Gods,
A Spirit worthy of that choſen Nation,
Predeſtin'd under them to rule the World:
And great Revenge and Liberty is now
Their Univerſal Cry. Juſt as I left them,
Horatius and *Valerius* were arriv'd,
Who from the Senate brought them the full Grant
Of all their Ancient Rights, their lov'd Appeal,
And power to chuſe their Tribunes as before;
On which, thou *Lucius* firſt of all wer't nam'd,
The Father of *Virginia* next was mention'd,
And both with Univerſal Shout applauded.

L. I. *Suſpend we then a while theſe Traytors Doom,*
Till we reſtore the Ancient Rights of Rome:
Then ſhall Juſt Vengeance ſtrike the World with awe,
And make Mankind reſpect Cœleſtial Law,
Which he who breaks, like Appius *runs ſo long,*
From leſs Injuſtice to more crying Wrong,
That ſome intollerable Crime at laſt,
Pulls halting Vengeance down for all that's paſt.

[Exeunt.

FINIS.